

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA



Tuolumne River, July 14, 1931

GEORGE SHOCHAT

1931

July 9, 1931.

A party of about ten or a dozen of us met at the home of Mr. Ernest Dawson for dinner. In addition to the Dawsons, there were some others who were going north for the trip. There was Elizabeth Elston, Louise Schubach, Mr. Dawson's niece, Newton H. Bell, Fred Foulon, and Octavia Marx. We had a very merry time at dinner and after making final preparations, were ready to leave.

Finally, at about four o'clock, we started. We were in three cars. Octavia and I were in one car, Fred Foulon and Connie Elston in another, and Fern Dawson, Glen Dawson, Louise, Newton Bell with Ernest Dawson. We also carried our dunnage bags and miscellaneous supplies with us.

We drove through the city, through Cahuenga Pass, through San Fernando and Palmdale, through Mint Canyon and hit the desert as the sun got lower and lower. At first it was very hot, but soon a very strong north wind was added to this, slowing down the speed of the car, but keeping the heat from being unbearable. The barren desert scenery was new to me--the fantastic and venerable Joshua trees adding much to its beauty.

As darkness fell, we arrived at Mojave in the midst of the strongest wind I have ever experienced. Here we had dinner, and left after about an hour. We drove on through the night, in spurts of about fifty miles. We agreed on a rendezvous, and were left to our own devices to get there. This process was repeated until we arrived at our destination for the evening. At Mojave, we mixed up our passengers a bit, and went on. I was now with Connie. It was a strange experience--travelling down the straight desert road at an even forty or forty-five miles per hour pace. No light around us except for a rare headlight or a rarer tail-light. Mostly absolute blackness; but once when we got out of the cars, miles from any habitation, I saw more starry glory in the sky than I ever saw before. There was more silver in the sky than black. The milkyway was really milky; billions of stars; I could not make out the constellations for all the lesser stars, usually invisible but now mottling the sky everywhere. No moon, and no haze. The horizon line all around is unbelievably sharp, everything except the starry sky is unbelievably black. Now, for the first time, I really know what black means. Our soft voices seem so foreign to it all; it seems hard to believe that humans have ever before been here; but a fine paved road at our left soon dispels this illusion.

On and on through the blackness of the night. Connie is great company. There is not a dull moment. We speak of everything under the sun, but mostly about her experiences and general impressions of two years spent in and near France. As far as I can judge, she speaks French flawlessly. While we chat, mile after mile flies by. We know that we are passing the great Sierras to our left, but they are practically invisible to us. At Lone Pine where we stop for a while to stretch our legs, we are alongside of Mt. Whitney, which would be in plain view in the daytime. We continue on our way. It is now past midnight, but the heat is still oppressive, although the wind has died down. Through Independence without stopping. In the desert again. A thin sliver of crescent moon rises over the eastern horizon. As we come to Big Pine, we decide to look for a place to camp. A few miles beyond, we find a place off the main road. Here we unpack our

things, and after separating the men's camp from that of the girls we, hit the hay at about 1:30. But I am too excited to sleep yet. I can't wait until dawn comes to give me my first glimpse of the Sierras, the friends with whom I am going to stay for the next month. I feel less tired than I did in the morning. But after awhile, with my face to the moon rising higher in the east, I fall asleep.

July 10

I slept very restlessly, and as soon as it began to get light in the east, I felt that I could sleep no longer. Although my watch told me that it was only 3:45, I arose and dressed, and getting into the car, I drove back to the road, away from the hill alongside of which we had camped, toward Big Pine. I stopped at a favorable spot to watch a thrilling spectacle.

In front of me is a mountain range. It is very sharp and jagged, with patches of white along the sides of the peaks. In the dim light of very early morning, the mountains are a dark blue. But they are gradually changing color--different from one moment to the next. The dark blue changes to dark purple, then a surprisingly rich red purple, then a pinkish purple or lavender. At this stage the metamorphosis stops. Can it be that the peak is actually pink? At no time has the snow been white; just a very light shade of the predominating color. I returned and brought back Glen with me; he was already up. He told me that these were the Palisades. By now they were a somewhat lighter shade of pink. They had the sharpest outlines of any peaks I had ever seen or even conceived. My first view of the Sierras--I shall never forget it.

We return to arouse the others. By 5:30 we are all ready and leave our dusty camp for the next lap. About eight miles farther, we come to Keough Hot Springs, a kind of resort. We spend an hour here washing up and frolicking in the plunge. Then we drove on to Bishop, the biggest town since we left Saugus. Here we had breakfast and loafed around for another hour. Then came the big event--we cut to the left and entered the Sierras.

We climbed up a very steep grade, the first since leaving Los Angeles. As we climbed into and through the mountains, I found it hard to believe my eyes. Strange colors, with reds and greens and purples predominating. Unreal shapes. Sharp edges, jagged edges, split edges. But it is useless to describe it--it must be seen to be believed. After a prolonged period of climbing, we came to some fairly level ground, and again raced along. We now saw occasional trees, almost entirely evergreens. As we approached Mammoth Lakes, the trees became denser, and the ground dustier. After some painful maneuvering of a stretch of washboard road, we came to the Los Angeles High Sierra Camp near Mammoth Lakes. The yellow pines with their long needles are very thick around here, and the setting is a fine one, but there is much too much dust. We make arrangements here for lunch, and I have my first taste of trout. They are little fellows, no more than six inches long. After a little loafing and stretching our legs, we do a little more

climbing to Mammoth Lakes. While we were standing around, admiring the sparkling beauty of this chain of four or five heavily wooded lakes, Glen Dawson looked across the lake at Mammoth Mountain towering above it and said, "I don't think I've ever climbed this peak yet. Think I will have time to make it before dinner. Will you join me?" I did, and so did Connie and Louise.

Glen was very considerate of the tenderfeet. He first went back to Tamarack Lodge to inquire the best way to the summit, and then we set off, at about two in the afternoon. I was a sight. It was to be my first attempt at mountain climbing, and I would not be caught unprepared. Consequently, although the peak was supposed to be a long, hard grind, although not dangerous, I looked as though I was preparing to climb Mt. Everest..what the well-dressed mountaineer will wear. I was very surprised at Glen's slow pace, but soon found before we had gone very far at that rapidly rising altitude, that even that pace was a bit too stiff for me. We rested frequently, and when we resumed the climb, Connie managed to keep far ahead of the three of us. But I managed to keep close to Glen, relying implicitly on his judgment.

I learned quite a few things. The more we climbed, the more remote seemed to be the summit. Instead of going directly up the steep face, we went round and round. The type of vegetation kept changing. At the bottom, had been thick trees and thicker bushes. A little higher some pretty patches of wild flowers, and smaller different trees. A little higher, the trees were smaller yet, and soon ceased altogether, either because of the increasing steepness, or because of the altitude proper. At one point we came to a sort of large gully, with a flower-bordered stream running through it on its way down to the lakes. We followed up this streamlet, and were surprised to find a tiny level meadow, almost on the very side of the mountain. A little higher up I was thrilled to find the source of the spring, a sizable patch of melting snow.

This meadow seemed to be on a shoulder of the peak, a few hundred feet below the crags which formed the summit, which we could see rising just before and above us. After getting down on all fours to lap up a drink, a most novel and pleasant sensation, we started the last lap of almost vertical climbing. Here I took the lead, and kept it up to the top. Glen lagged behind to help the girls, who were now tiring. I could not help laughing at the ludicrous spectacle--about three quarters of an hour to climb two or three hundred feet. Up ten feet, exhaustion, a rest of two minutes, repeat the process. It was so easy to tire up there.

Finally, after skirting a rather large patch of snow, (this on July 10) I reached at the top, where a terrific gale was blowing. I was in no mood to battle the wind, so lay down on my back, panting and awaiting the arrival of the others. Then I arose and looked around me. The view was worth twice the effort I had expended. Off to one side, in the distance I could see the vast expanse of Mono Lake, bordering on the great Owens Valley. On another side, in steel-blue silhouette, Mt. Ritter, Mt.

Banner, and the Minarets. Off in the distance some mountains beyond the California border in Nevada. On another side a sort of elevated valley, with Mammoth Lakes at the bottom. It seemed like we could drop right down on the rest of our party; half a mile below, or more.

By this time, the others had come up, and all of us took a rest together. After putting our names in the cairn, we took a few pictures. Only one of these, the worst, ever came out, but I hope to have better luck.

For half an hour or more, we admired the view. But the sun was getting low, and we had to get back before dark. So we started down. We decided to go down by a more direct route, namely the face of the mountain directly overlooking the lakes from which we had started. The first part of this was very easy, consisting of fine talus, gravel, and pumice fragments. The slope was very steep, and we had a hilarious time sliding down. We would take a step into the soft, yielding stuff, slide down five or ten feet, take another step, slide down some more, and repeat the process. It was like wearing seven league boots. I enjoyed this much more even than the others, since I was the only one wearing high boots, and so did not have to stop like the others every so often to empty out my shoes.

The slope became steeper, but by now we were on more substantial footing, and were coming into the trees. In an unbelievably brief time, we had lost sight of the summit, but the lakes were right below us all the time, so near and yet so far. Finally the slope culminated in a vertical cliff, dropping a few hundred feet abruptly to a talus slope at the edge of one of the lakes. There was nothing to do but follow along the edge, until we came to a break in the cliff. After a bit, we found something that looked dangerous and difficult, but passable. This was a natural chimney in the rock near the edge of the cliff leading to the bottom, a vertical cavern, opening at the top near the edge of the cliff, and at the bottom near the shore of the lake. The top was apparently made of crumbling, rotten, rock, while we could see that the bottom was a gradual slope, consisting of masses of rock that had fallen down from the sides of the tunnel.

Had we looked further, we would undoubtedly have found an easier way down, but who could resist such a tempting gateway? Glen led the way, testing every foothold, some of which held, some of which rolled and bounced merrily down at the slightest touch. The first twenty feet or so turned out to be the hardest, so Glen braced himself just below the top, and helped us. I found my stick a great hindrance, and so I threw it down ahead of me. In a short time we were all strung down the sides of the tunnel, with me at the bottom; the girls behind, and Glen bringing up the rear. The footing was most treacherous, and I was constantly dodging rocks coming down from above.

One of these almost ended my trip right then and there. I heard a yell from Connie above me, and saw a large rock, about the size of a medicine ball, bouncing down toward me. I hurriedly stepped to one side, and the rock, hitting something, careened directly toward me. It was now too close to do anything else, so

I judged as quickly as I could, and as it took its last hop toward me, I ducked as low as I could. The rock whizzed by over my head. Whew! That was too close for comfort. After this close call, I could not be impressed by the smaller rocks which kept flying by me on all sides. Near the bottom, the slope became more gradual, but more rocky, and harder, though less dangerous to manipulate. I finally emerged on a boulder strewn talus slope leading directly to the shore of the lake, on the other side of which was Tamarack Lodge, where the others were waiting for us. Glen yelled down to me to go ahead and tell them we were on our way.

Just as soon as I arrived at the lodge, and while I was changing shoes, I realized that I was as tired as I could be. I had been too busy to notice it before. We all had a table reserved for us at the lodge, and had dinner. My only recollection of this was that I was very tired, very proud of having climbed my first peak (something over 11,000 feet high), and very thirsty. I drank seven glasses of water.

After dinner, we went back to our cars, and drove back almost to the Los Angeles High Sierra camp, where we found a suitable place in the pines, less dusty than the vicinity, to camp. I was dead on my feet, and just had enough energy left to unpack, undress, and go to sleep. I think I was unconscious inside of thirty seconds.

July 11

Unlike the preceeding night, I slept very soundly. After more than eight hours of uninterrupted sleep, I arose at 5:30 completely rested and refreshed. Must be the mountain air, I suppose.

After a few miles of that awful corrugated road, we arrive at a collection of a few buildings, called Crestview, where we have breakfast. I am astonished to find here an old upright player piano with a Bach sonata for violin and piano. Of all places for such a thing! We meet here Johnny Hare, from Long Beach, who is also heading for the same destination, with his tenor voice and guitar. He is just going to be with the Sierra Club outing for the first two weeks.

We drive on through some beautiful pine forest. The trees are beautiful with their green leaves and reddish brown bark. But the trees get thinner, and the ground drier, and we are in obviously volcanic country, as we approach Mono Lake. We see some interesting dead volcanic craters all about the now bleak countryside, and soon we come in sight of Mono Lake. In a way it is disappointing. Not a tree near it. Dry wasteland surrounding it on every side, and the water level rather low. In the middle of the large lake are a couple of large barren islands that look like they were at one time volcanic craters. To the left of the lake, we come to the town of Leevining, where we load up with gas, oil, water, and miscellaneous supplies for the last lap of the trip to Tuolumne Meadows, our destination.

We are now ready to tackle the Tioga Pass that I have heard so much about. From Leevining, at an elevation of about 6500 feet, we start up the road that goes up the Leevining creek. The road is fairly level, but gradually becomes more steep, and we find ourselves in a canyon, the walls rising abruptly on each

side, and getting more and more vertical as we go along. In a very few miles, we are on a ten-foot ledge on the side of a mountain cliff. I can not see the bottom at my left, nor can I see the top of the range directly to my right. Across the canyon to my left, and in front, there are majestic red and gray peaks, but with practically no sun. We ascend rapidly up this curling ribbon on the side of the mountain. Although it is a narrow road, and is hazardous driving, the beauty of my surroundings makes me think only of them. At one particularly striking place, where I can see the curving, climbing road for a long distance ahead, I make sure that there are no cars coming, and stop mine to get out and get a good look. Mingled with my admiration of all this natural beauty, is a feeling of amazement that men should have built such a road. We get in the car again and continue.

We are now near the crest of the Pass, at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. The road is now no longer at the edge of a precipice, but high mountain peaks surround us still. They do not appear to be very high, but I am looking at 13,000 foot peaks from a 10,000 foot altitude. Suddenly I come to a sparkling lake that seems to be covered with brilliant jewels. It looks as though it is ice cold, and probably is. It is Ellery Lake. Around the next bend is another lakelet just like it. This is Tioga Lake. The country around us is the wildest I have ever yet seen. As we pass Mt. Dana, the highest of these peaks, we cross the line and are in Yosemite National Park.

This is certainly different from the Yosemite Valley which I have already seen. Where the other is a beautiful picture, too perfect to be real, this is just a rugged wilderness. As we descend, we come in view of a peculiar range of mountains to the south that dominates the horizon. The mountains are now not so close together, and what was a canyon, now becomes a gradually widening valley. The range to the southwest shows three prominent and well named peaks: Cathedral Peak, Unicorn Peak, and the Cockscomb. It bounds a rather wide valley to which we are coming, Tuolumne Meadows. After stopping at the Tuolumne Meadows Ranger Station, where I get my permit to enter the Park, I go on for about a mile and a half, until I am directly opposite the Cathedral Range at my left. Suddenly I realize that I have reached the goal of the first lap of the trip.

Tuolumne Meadows! Soda Springs! This is going to be the radial point from which our trips are going to be made. I stop near the Sierra Club's lodge, Parsons Lodge, and soon find Mr. Dawson and the rest of our gang. Our first move is to get our dunnage bags and find a good campsite which has not yet been taken. Then we all got together and pooling our food, we had lunch, consisting mostly of crackers and cheese, and fruit. After lunch, we disperse.

I take some dirty handkerchiefs (bandannas) and socks down to the river to wash them, and am soon joined by Newton Bell. He has been on the trip last year, and gives me a few pointers on how to get the best results in washing my clothes, a task to which I am not accustomed. Soon we are talking about

other things. As we chat, I am amazed with his intellect, culture and general and varied fund of information. He displays a dashing, vivid personality, and I find him to be one of the most fascinating people I have ever known. He has seen much of the world during his thirty-odd years, both in the army and out. He speaks five or six languages with ease. He has a remarkably clear and analytical mind. His manners are highly polished, to the point of being almost disagreeable. As I marvel at him, I think what great fun he is going to be for the next two weeks.

We wander back to camp and separate. I make myself comfortable and do some writing, but this is soon changed to a nap. How peaceful and fine everything is!

It is interesting to see the arrivals. Car after car comes in, each with its little load. As I meet new people, I am surprised to find that most of them mean Northern California when they speak of home. I can not yet convince myself that I am far away from home. The Sierra Club seems to be a melting pot for Northern and Southern Californians.

The mobilization continues. I catch glimpses of people whose names I have often heard, but do not yet know. Adams, Tappaan, Colby, Farquhar, Ferguson, and others. I must get acquainted. This does not appear to be a very hard task. I have never yet encountered such a spirit of cordial friendship and genial camaraderie. The prospect continues to get brighter.

Dinner line is forming. The commissary stoves, with Dan Tachet officiating in his royal capacity as chef, are functioning fragrantly. Each of us is presented with a tin cup and spoon, which is to last for the entire trip. We receive our hot dinner, and I am agreeably surprised at the quality of the food. I am informed that the steak and salad is a luxury that will not be tasted again for two weeks.

We are having a beautiful sunset. As the sun sets in the west, the eastern sky is a delicate shade of pink. The glow of the setting sun is also reflected in the east by Mt. Gibbs and Kuna Crest. Mt. Dana is out of sight behind Lumbert Dome. I shall not soon forget the picture of the reflection of lavender Gibbs and Kuna in a placid portion of the Tuolumne River just below the bridge.

We are called to our first campfire. First there are a few formalities and introductions. Then bearded Ansel Adams comes up with a gunny-sack, containing the lost and found articles. Then Mr. William E. Colby, President Emeritus of the Sierra Club, and its demigod (John Muir is its god), announces a few side trips for the next day, and makes a few other announcements. It is a memorable sight, one that is to be repeated every night. All the people are gathered around the campfire, with the flickering glow of the flames showing on the attentive faces of those not too far away. As it gets colder, we edge closer to the fire. After the official closing of the campfire, we gather around in little groups and sing the old favorites. Hackneyed though they be, they do not seem that way here. It almost looks like Browning was right about the condition of the world.

At the campfire, we have been advised to drain our radiators, because there has been freezing weather in camp for the last few nights. So before retiring, I do this, guided only by my flashlight, for the moon has not yet risen. On the way back to our camp, Newton Bell proposes a race in the dark without flashlights, but after each of us had stumbled, we decide to call it off. After reaching "home" it is quite a while before I am able to go to sleep. I do not know whether it is the excitement of this mass of new experiences or just my adjustment to them.

July 12

I arise at 6:00 after a more or less restless night. At breakfast, I decide to take a side trip with Mr. Dawson up to Cathedral Lake, at the foot of Cathedral Peak. After packing a luncheon which consists for the most part of dried fruit, hardtack, Swedish rye-crisp, a piece of cheese, and a piece of chocolate, I am ready to go with the others. The party consists of about ten or fifteen. We cross the Tuolumne River, and then across Tuolumne Meadows to the other side. After a short distance, we start climbing. Although the grade is not a steep one, we have to stop very frequently to rest. Our direction is approximately southwest. The trees are very thick all about us, consisting chiefly of Red Fir, White Fir, Mountain Hemlock, and White Pine. Mr. Older and Mr. Dawson point them out to us and show us how we can distinguish one from the other. Occasionally, we come to little springs surrounded by beautiful red, yellow, and blue wild flowers. At one point, I turned around and saw a striking sight. A large, white, granite, round mass of rock, framed in among some tree branches. Fairview Dome, they tell me. It is really a dazzling white, because of the reflection of the very bright sunlight. Half Dome must have looked something like this a long, long, time ago.

Climb, climb, climb. We are now at the foot of majestic Cathedral Peak, which looks quite different from the way it did from our Soda Springs camp. It is now very close, and what seemed to be a sharp pointed summit, now resolves itself into a group of imposing, apparently unclimbable finger-like crags. This cathedral is built of glistening white granite which dazzles even through my smoked glasses. It dominates everything up here.

We now skirt around to the right of the peak, and begin a gradual descent. We cross a rather level meadow, which is quite mossy and damp, and simply infested with tiny frogs, which hop about us at every step. It seems to be teeming with life. As I cross a tiny streamlet, a big brown bird flies out from under my feet. This looks so strange, that I decide to investigate, and soon find under the overhanging bank of the stream, a well-formed nest containing three brown eggs.

After having hiked for about three or four miles, we come to our goal--Cathedral Lake. It is a perfect gem. It is not very large, being only a few hundred yards each way, but it is in such a fine setting. From where we decide to rest, we see Cathedral Peak rising up above us to the left. Across

the lake is an abrupt rock slope, smooth granite, entirely devoid of foliage. To our right, there seems to be an abrupt drop from the edge of the lake to a large canyon. Behind us is the forest. This beautiful lake lies in a natural rock bowl, and seems to be fed by the melting snows from Cathedral Peak. It is at an elevation of between 9,000 and 10,000 feet. I mentally kick myself for having left my camera behind at camp. First Fairview Dome and now this. I console myself with the thought that since the main trip has not even started yet, I will yet be able to take many good pictures. At least I hope so.

While some of our party take a dip in the icy water, (none of them are able to stay in for more than a minute or two), I write a few notes and take a rest. These surroundings are so easy to look at. It begins to look more and more as if the trip is going to be a great success.

After a while, Mr. Dawson builds a fire, and while some water is put on to boil, we have our lunch. I find it all very good except the hardtack, and to a lesser extent, the rye-crisp. After lunch, we have tea, thanks to Mr. Dawson. Then we just sit and chat.

Some time later, I go in for a swim, and find the water just bearable near the shore, but a few feet out, it is intolerably cold. And so, while my suit is drying, and while Newton Bell is writing some nonsense poetry, and while most of the others are napping, I decide to investigate the west end of the lake which intrigued me a short while ago. When I get there, I find myself looking down a long canyon, with a rather large lake a few miles down this canyon. It makes a very striking spectacle. My map tells me that this is Tenaya Lake, and that in a sense, I am standing at the exact head of the Yosemite Valley. A stirring thought.

After my return to the others, I find that some members of our group are going to try to climb Cathedral Peak, and perhaps Unicorn Peak as well. Some time after our party divides, the rest of us start back for camp. It is not very long before Newton Bell is inflicting on us some of the worst puns that ever saw the light of day. He delights in waiting for a sublime moment to say the most incongruously, ridiculously, hilarious things. As we make our way down the trail, he and I seem to be drunk--we laugh at everything, we say the craziest things, sing crazy songs, and in general, have the others either laughing uproariously at us, or shaking their heads sadly. As a result of our tomfoolery, we are down to Tuolumne Meadows before we know it. We are soon back in camp, and having dinner. There is another glorious sunset, very similar to the preceding one. It somehow causes a vague, indefinable yearning, although it should cause nothing but unalloyed happiness. At campfire, Mr. Colby tells us about old Lumbert, one of the pioneers at Tuolumne Meadows, after whom Lumbert Dome (a very prominent feature of Tuolumne Meadows) was named. He seems to have been quite a character. Mr. Colby also described to us the trail we would take on the morrow, when we break camp and hit the trail for a week and a half. When the campfire breaks up, the little singing groups get going once more, and last for about an hour. And then to bed, thinking of what I will see on the next day,

when we break camp and hit the trail for foreign lands. I can hardly wait.

July 13

At exactly four o'clock this morning, I am aroused by the morning call which is relayed along from one person to another. It probably originates in commissary, and from there, each person carries along the call, "Everybody get up, get up, get up." Once this begins, it is useless to try to sleep any longer. Newton Bell, who is the most vociferous, only turns over while doing so, and tries to get a few more snatches of sleep, but to no avail. It is quite cold this early in the morning, although it is mid-July; it is hard to remember that I am more than a mile and a half up in the air.

I dress, and then pack all my things that I am going to take with me in my sleeping bag, which I roll up in my waterproof tarpaulin, and then put the whole outfit in my dunnage bag. The complete outfit must not weigh more than thirty-five pounds, or something will have to go. The things that I am not taking with me, I cache either in Parsons Lodge, or in my car, which I carefully lock, and cover with a tarpaulin, taking care to weigh down the ends with stones, so that it will not be blown away by wind. I then say goodbye to the car for eleven days.

I take my dunnage bag down to be weighed on my way to breakfast, and am relieved to find that it weighs only thirty-four pounds, including a bunch of oranges that Mr. Dawson has asked me to carry for him. After breakfast, I snap a few pictures, and we're off.

Mr. Colby has wisely selected a very easy hike for the first day; our destination is a place below Tuolumne Falls, just beyond where Conness Creek joins the Tuolumne. It is a canyon at the base of Wildcat Point, near Glen Aulin. The distance is only seven miles. I leave with Mr. Dawson, Newton Bell, and a few others. I am all worked up with enthusiasm. We go around by Lumbert Dome, and in about a mile or so, we hit the Tuolumne River. It is still winding its way about Tuolumne Meadows, snakelike, placid, slow, graceful, with the picturesque Cathedral Range to the southward. Fairview Dome from this angle seems to be part of the range, whereas Cathedral Peak which I have been admiring for the last two days, is slowly changing its familiar outline.

As we follow the narrow trail down the Tuolumne, the valley almost imperceptibly is getting narrower and narrower, and so is the bed of the river. The grade is becoming a little steeper, and the river is going a bit faster. Before long, the valley is a canyon, and the river has become a series of shallow rapids and cascades. As we descend at a more rapid rate, we seem to be going down a giant stairway, with the river forming little waterfalls in going down from step to step. They are simply beautiful, and I would like to take pictures of them all, but I realize that I must conserve my film. We came to a particularly idyllic pool between two cascades, which the other members of the party seemed to think was made for the sole purpose of being a swimming pool, and so we stopped. A miniature sandy beach, and a rock just suited for diving made this temptation too hard

to resist. Mr. Rankin, who had helped me take a picture a couple of miles back, now passes by and takes a picture of us as we swim and rest. Shortly after we start again, we come to the largest of the waterfalls, Tuolumne Falls. It drops down over rock that is almost black, and about halfway down, a projecting rock divides the falls in two. Just beyond this place, we stop for lunch although we know that our destination is not far off. After another valiant attempt, I decide that I just was not made to eat hard-tack, and so I vow never to eat the stuff again.

We rest for awhile, and then continue. We are now in a very narrow gorge-like canyon, and the trees are very thick. Also, there are lupines, big purple beauties all around us. Towering overhead at our right is Wildcat Point, a grey granite cliff that reminds me very much of El Capitan. It is 9200 feet high, and therefore actually higher than El Capitan, but since I am viewing it from an elevation of over 7000 feet, it does not look as high.

Our camp is right in this canyon, with the high walls on each side of us. Newton and I select our camp right among a bunch of lupines, under a big pine, with the granite bedrock of Wildcat Point rising within twenty feet, gradual at first, then abrupt. In addition to the pines and lupines, there is another tree that I have never seen before. It is the quaking aspen, and looks very much like the birch tree. How delicate it looks, when the wind blows through it and all the leaves tremble on their slender stalks.

After making camp, I loafed about for a bit. Dr. Vernon Bailey of the United States Biological Survey who came from Washington to be with us shows me an aspen tree with the claw marks of a bear and two cubs that climbed it at one time. I meet Ernest Dawson with Octavia Marx, and we go to a shady grove of young lodgepole pines where he reads to us. Everything again seems so calm, so quiet, so peaceful and restful.

I return to my camp to do some writing. While I am busy at my task, I see Ansel Adams. He is a character. I have marveled at his photographs in the past, and have come to realize that he is a rare artist. He makes an interesting picture. He must be somewhere in the thirties, and is very thin and slight. His face is almost entirely covered by a curly black beard. With his broad-brimmed hat, faded red shirt, and blue denim trousers, he reminds me more of one of the old forty-niners than anything else. He is very learned and cultured, but better yet, he has one of the smoothest, finest dispositions I have ever known.

He is walking along leisurely now with his camera on his back and his tripod under his arm. I know that he is going "hunting" with his camera, and so I hail him, introduce myself, and invite myself along. I promise not to be in the way--but I am anxious to see how he works. Fortunately, I am wearing my rubber-soled shoes instead of my hobnails, and so I experience no difficulty in scrambling up the smooth granite slope of Wildcat Point after Ansel Adams, who is as agile as a Mountain goat. Occasionally he stops, then goes on up, apparently dissatisfied with what he finds. Once he stops before a juniper tree with a beatific expression on his face, sets up his camera, calculates his filter timing and exposure, and takes the picture. This is repeated three or four times. I lend what assistance I can, for the camera is on the side of an

almost vertical cliff, and needs bracing.

Of course the view along the canyon wall in the late afternoon is interesting, but not very extensive. Ansel says that the misty haze is caused by a forest fire in the vicinity. We chat as we scramble down, just in time to join the dinner line.

While we are finishing up our dinner, we form a little group to plan the campfire entertainment for the morrow. It will be July 14, and my birthday, but the celebration will be for the great French national holiday, Bastille Day, in honor of Dan Tachet, our French-Swiss chef. We sing several familiar French songs through, and as the spirit gets jollier and jollier, our group gets larger and larger. Dan soon joins us and helps us with the songs. He seems to be delighted to hear us singing in French. He even asks me to sing a song as part of the program.

By now it is dark, and the concerted cry of "Come to Campfire Quick!" sends us there in jigtime. There is a brief program consisting of some foolishness by Nathan Clark and Ned Allen, and a short talk by Dr. Bailey on the natural phenomena and the flora and fauna that we have seen today and are to see tomorrow. Then Mr. Colby tells us of the trip for tomorrow. Two things of interest strike me--the scenery, he says, is very beautiful, and we will probably encounter rattlesnakes before we reach Pate Valley, our destination. And so, after a little singing, I go back to my bed in the lupines, and to sleep.

July 14

Up at dawn today. My birthday, and what a birthday! Twenty three years old today, and never the dawn of such an auspicious birthday. After breakfast, we proceed down the canyon. A mile or two beyond Wildcat Point, the canyon widens out, and again becomes a steep slope. The falls here are more spectacular than ever, as they swish down the highly polished glacial slope. Because of the low water of this unusually dry year, the water does not go through the elaborate maneuvers which give it the name of Water Wheel Falls.

We stop here at these Water Wheel Falls. God, what beauty! I am profoundly moved at this Wilderness idyll, and thank heaven that this is all inaccessible and uncommercialized, and practically closed to loud, gaudy tourists. Even the Yosemite Valley offers nothing better than this. The wild beauty of it all gets me; the precipitous cliffs, the fantastic juniper trees, each in its own niche in the canyon wall, the water racing down the long slope. If it is like this now, what must the Water Wheel Falls be like in high water? I am determined that this shall not be the last time that I will see the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. I have taken two rolls of film with me today, and use all but one of the twelve exposures at this spot. What a Paradise!

But we cannot stay here forever, and so we move on--down, down, ever down. As we reach the bottom of the descent, we come to where Return Creek joins the Tuolumne River. It is too beautiful here for us to pass by, and so we decide to rest here, too. By now, the walls on each side of us are tremendous, rising in gray, granite, majesty, close to us on each

side. It seems that we are going to enter the bowels of the Earth. But it is only the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. We are resting at a calm stretch of the Tuolumne, where the canyon floor is temporarily level. Octavia Marx, who has wandered off, calls for help from a boulder in midstream; and I have to rescue her with the help of my stick. The others have now started without us, and so we continue leisurely on our way. It seems impossible for the beauty of the canyon to increase, and yet it does. Added to the canyon walls which keep growing higher and yet higher, more and more imposing, is now another feature of beauty. We are in a dense forest. Its beauty cannot be described in words. The trees are sugar pine, yellow pine, and pseudotsuga, but the most wonderful tree of all is the incense cedar. Its red bark and bright green leaves, together with the gray granite cliffs and snatches of blue sky, all woven together in a net of dark shadows and patches of sunlight, form a vision that is as close to heaven as I ever hope to see. Even the ground under which I tread is made of the decayed bark of the incense cedar, and is cinnamon red. Sugar Pine cones from twelve to eighteen inches long, and six inches thick are strewn all over this soft, yielding carpet. It gets me. I am in a daze and just walk along, gropingly, dumbly and gratefully taking it in.

I am still only half conscious when we pass Dr. Bailey and a few of the party, and a few hundred yards beyond, Mr. Dawson and the rest of our little group. They have stopped in a shady, cool place under the red cedars, at the river's edge, and are preparing lunch. Louise has found a giant mushroom, and when I tell her that Dr. Bailey who is very interested in mushrooms is only a short distance upstream, she insists on going back to show it to him.

We have taken only a few steps back, however, when she suddenly screams and jumps. I hear a rustling sound, as a rattlesnake glides away toward the trees. I had almost stepped on it, and in its eagerness to avoid me, it had gone toward Louise, who had seen it as she was about to step on it. For some reason, the snake stopped after going only a short way. It was apparently scared to death and did not know what to do next. Just then I saw one of the packers coming up with about six of the pack mules strung along behind him. I yelled at him to stop, as there was a rattler in the way that might stampede the animals. He stopped dead, and getting off his horse, broke a branch off a nearby bush and went after the snake. With one blow, he broke the snake's neck, and almost decapitated it. While it was still squirming, we foolishly picked it up, and ran with it to Dr. Bailey. When he saw us, he was furious. First, for picking up a live snake, and secondly, for having killed it instead of calling him to catch it alive. But after he had cooled down a bit, he showed us how the business end of a rattlesnake works. This particular specimen is about four feet long. It turns out to be the largest snake found on the whole trip. It is not the famous Diamond-back rattlesnake, but the smaller, less aggressive Oregon Rattler. It has oval shaped markings, which distinguish it from the more dangerous Diamond-back.

We go back to our gang for lunch, tea, and for some, a nap. I hope I don't often have an appetizer like this one.

After a rest, we continue our journey, but soon are in two groups. I am now with Octavia Marx and Mr. Older. As we pass through some particularly dense wood, Mr. Older explains to us the difference between the trees that we see. Strange how interesting such a thing can be. I learn of the incense cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*), the Western Yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), the false hemlock (*Pseudotsuga macrocarpa*), the mountain hemlock (*Tsuga mertensiana*), the lodgepole pine, (*Pinus murrayana*), the sugar pine (*Pinus lambertiana*), and others. It gives me a strange thrill to see a pine tree, for example, and by looking at its outline, bark, etc., be able to tell how many needles there are in a bunch, whether two, three, or five. It makes me feel closer to these beautiful giants through which I am strolling, less like a total stranger.

The canyon is now a narrow gorge, and getting narrower. We are at the beginning of Muir Gorge, which they tell me is practically unpassable, only three people having ever traversed it. The trail now leaves the side of the river, and we start climbing again. After two days of continuous descent, it is quite tiring, although we only have to go up 1500 feet. After crossing the hump, I find myself alone, going down a very steep zigzag, dotted here and there with junipers, finding it hard to keep from running down this slope. I have already covered about ten miles, and am pretty tired. But I cover ground at a great pace, and am soon down at the bottom of the canyon again, by the side of the Tuolumne. At a particularly attractive spot, I take my last picture, and sit down to wait for the others. After they come, and we start off again, I really realize how tired I am. The others look it too. Will we never get to Pate Valley?

Mr. Dawson tells me about another rattlesnake that Fern encountered and that he killed, so I know we are almost there. The trail is now going through some very dense growth of young yellow pine, and it is quite late--the sun must have set by now, and it is twilight.

Camp at last. What a relief to take off my knapsack and sit down to dinner on a fallen log. We have covered from fourteen to sixteen miles today. The last three miles were especially long.

After Ernest Dawson, Newton Bell, Mr. Older, Fred Foulon, and I have selected our camp site under a giant Yellow Pine, we go to the campfire. Dan Tachet is master of ceremonies. Only French songs are sung, including Il etait un petit navire, Le canard, Frere Jacques, and La Marseillaise, the grand finale sung by everyone. I am surprised that practically everyone can sing it in French. I get another thrill from singing at the camp fire. A sea of faces, sparks flying up into the black sky which is all around us, the only accompaniment to the song being the crackling of the fire. How delicious! After the campfire is officially over, many of us remain and sing and sing and sing.

It is the most elaborate evening meeting so far. As I go back to bed with Newt, I am still tingling at the memory of the concentrated beauty to which I have been a witness today. My twenty-third birthday, one of the most memorable days of my life.

July 15

We stay in camp today. It is my lazy day, nothing to do but rest, and take things easy. I am up at five, and have breakfast at six. After breakfast, Dr. Bailey shows us a rattlesnake that he has captured alive, and gives us quite an interest-demonstration of its capabilities. Someone tells him that the Oregon Rattlesnake, contrary to popular belief cannot live in the direct sunlight. Dr. Bailey is intrigued, and promises to test that later in the day.

After leisurely washing my clothes, shaving, etc., I am surprised to learn that it is noontime, and lunchtime. After lunch, I stroll down to the cliff-wall of Pate Valley to see some old Indian pictographs--red figures and miscellaneous markings many years old. On the way back, I saw a crowd. Dr. Bailey was about to try that rattlesnake experiment. He has one man get out his watch to act as timer, and then dumps a small but very active rattlesnake on the ground. It tries to scoot away, but Dr. Bailey keeps it in the center of the circle with a stick. The snake seems to be suffering, and in four and a half minutes it is stone dead. It is so sudden, that it does not have a chance to become morbid.

More loafing. More napping. While in camp, I see a stray pack mule, and a little later, one of the packers looking for something. When I tell him about the mule, he gets his rope and I see him lasso the mule, then lead it back. Just like the movies.

After dinner, we go to the campfire. (Good old Dan has made me a birthday cake. It is a day late, of course, but there was no time to make it yesterday.) It is Scotch-Irish night, and is featured by the telling of Scotch stories. In addition to this, everyone is supposed to wear his best bandanna, so there is quite a display. I have been asked to sing, so I contribute Dreaming, by Victor Herbert. It is the nearest thing to a Scotch or Irish song that I can supply. One of the packers reports that he has just chased a bear out of camp. We will be on the move again tomorrow, so I go to bed early, all rested up for another day's work.

July 16

Up at 4:30. Our destination today is a small lake near beautiful Rodgers Lake--Neall Lake. After breakfast, we hit the trail. We go past the pictographs and up the valley wall. This is real climbing--a zigzag trail going up, up, up. It is very tiring, and we have to rest very frequently, even though we are traveling at a ridiculously slow pace. We are climbing up from an altitude of something over 5000 feet to something over 9000 feet. We pass from Piute Canyon into Rodgers canyon. As we climb, it is interesting to see how we pass through from one life zone to another, and how the plant life and bird life changes. We pass millions and millions of wild flowers after

reaching the top of the climb. They are the most abundant I have yet seen, and most beautiful by far. They grow most luxuriantly, and are actually waist high in places, occasionally even shoulder high. Of those that I recognize, there is columbine, leopard lily, tiger lily, mariposa lily, larkspur, lupine, and tremendous, vividly scarlet Indian paintbrush. Besides, there are many others that I do not know by name. The sun filtering down through the trees creates veritable shadow symphonies. Off to the right I can see some mountains in the distance.

We stop at a stream for lunch, rest, and a little chat. I get quite a thrill when I wander upstream about a hundred yards or less and find a deep pool, no more than about five feet square, but just full of trout swimming fearlessly about, as if they know that they are safe as far as I am concerned. There must be over thirty of these iridescent beauties, whose sides seem to contain all the colors of the rainbow. The largest are from nine to twelve inches long.

I rejoin the others, and after resting a bit, we resume our hike. I am with Newton Bell. We soon are deep in conversation, discussing British Imperialism in India. Again I marvel at his limitless stock of information. I am so engrossed in conversation with him, that before I know it, we are in camp.

It is very early afternoon, and so I go with some others about a half mile up trail to Neall Lake. It is another one of these little gems with which these mountains seem to be studded. All have a great deal in common, but each has its own individuality which distinguishes it from the others. I take a dip in the lake, but the water is too cold for a prolonged stay. While I am drying out, Glen Dawson comes rushing up for my first aid kit. It seems that Octavia has had some blisters on the soles of her feet taped up, and in attempting to remove the adhesive, took the skin with it. I help to carry her back to camp, wondering how it is going to affect her, for she can not hike for at least a week now. Fortunately, we stay in this camp for a few days, and then after a short journey, we will be at Benson Lake for a few more days. This should give her foot a good chance to heal.

For about an hour before dinner, I am considerably bothered by mosquitoes, the first of the trip; but as it gets cool, they disappear. It gradually gets colder and colder, and the roaring campfire is exceedingly welcome at this time. The feature of the campfire is a travelog on northern Africa by Newton Bell. It is simply fascinating. Added to his knowledge with which I am already acquainted is a way of relating what he has seen that almost makes one think that he too is experiencing all this. What a man! My admiration grows apace. He is one of the best speakers I have ever known; he is certainly the best informed--he knows more about more than anyone I know. He will be gone in a week. How I shall miss him.

I go back to bed, bundle up, and try to go to sleep in this biting cold, but it takes a long time. My last impression before I lose consciousness is of a glow from the campfire, and of voices around it, joined in song. I never dreamed that such a simple thing could be so romantic, so truly beautiful.

July 17

I sleep late this morning. As I get up, a little after six, I cannot help but think how different standards are here in the mountains. Six in the morning is considered late!

We have some fine trout for breakfast, in addition to the usual fare. We, that is Newt and I bring Octavia her breakfast. On the way over, Newt takes a bad spill over a fallen log, almost breaking his left arm, but escapes with a slightly sprained elbow and a very dirty nose. While we and the mosquitoes are having breakfast, I again marvel at the beauty of this camp among the lodgepole pines.

After breakfast, Newt, Ernest, Octavia, two women whose names I have forgotten, and I, climb up the side of the canyon just a little way, where we spend a most enjoyable morning. Ernest Dawson has a delightful way of leading these little impromptu groups. He always has some book or other in his knapsack, from which he reads to us, and from this we go into a discussion of what we have read or heard. This time he reads to us a chapter from Gamaliel Bradford's Bare Souls, the one on Edward Fitzgerald. He has a way of making these little sessions as charming as could be. I have already learned for myself what others have told me--that Ernest Dawson is the finest of trail companions. I have already noted that he is the most popular and most beloved leader in the entire party. He is worthy of being placed with the others of God's noblemen. I know one other.

After lunch, I join Francis Farquhar, Newton Bell and Fred Foulon in a short jaunt up trail beyond Neall Lake to Rodgers Lake. It is about a mile and a half from camp, and is at an elevation of about 9500 feet. It is the most beautiful yet. It is very irregular in outline, being almost divided at one point by a projecting peninsula. It is dominated by Regulation peak, and is on a sort of plateau, so that it seems to be at the edge of a bowl, ready to flow into the valley below at the slightest disturbance. I take three views, hoping that they will express some of the wild beauty of this lake.

One of the fishermen offers me a twelve or thirteen inch trout, which he has just coked on a flat rock. It is delicious, but a little too much. After tea and a little rest, I return to camp with Newt, and loaf again. After dinner, Newt and I have to use all our powers of persuasion to convince Octavia that it would be foolish to violate the doctor's orders and attempt the hike next day to Benson Lake. Finally she agrees to go on horseback. I am to accompany her.

Again, as I lie in my sleeping bag, I am overcome by the romance of my surroundings. The distant glow of the campfire, the singing voices floating through the air, the sound of the bells from the grazing horses and mules, the rustling of the leaves overhead, the friendly twinkling of the stars above me. The memory of the sunrise and the sunset, as mirrored on the walls of the canyon in the morning and evening alpenglow. How happy I am.

July 18

I am up at a quarter to five this morning, pack my things, and have breakfast. Then Octavia and I get our horses, and leave for Benson Lake, only about seven or eight miles, and mostly downgrade. The horses have practically no spirit, and it is very disconcerting to have to make way for passing members of the party who are going on foot. The horses take a few steps, serenely contemplating the universe, snatch a clump of grass, and proceed on their way. But nevertheless, it is a great experience for a tenderfoot like me to ride through this wonderful country on horseback.

The first part of the trail is upgrade. We pass little Neall Lake, and then Rodgers Lake. It is more beautiful than ever in the early morning light. I discern a trout, a large one, too, swimming along placidly right near the edge of the lake. I could not help taking one or two more pictures here. From Rodgers Lake, we start going downhill again. We pass by Volunteer Peak, and start zigzagging down a narrow, wild canyon. The horses have to watch their step very carefully. The scenery is wonderful of course, what with the wild rock formations in striking colors, and many fragrant flower beds. It is the best since the memorable fourteenth. As we reach Benson Lake, the country grows in grandeur. Again I see the rugged mountains like those of Mammoth Lakes and Tioga Pass.

Benson Lake is the largest yet, excepting Mono Lake, of course. The waters is a deep blue, and has honest-to-goodness waves, and a real sandy beach. Back of the beach, is a very dense forest of pine and fir, in which our camp for the next few days is located. The other three sides of the lake are bounded by round domes and peaks, rising abruptly out of the water. (Francis Farquhar who later walked around the lake had to wade a good deal of the time because of this.)

I make my own bed in a bed of ferns across the stream from commissary, near a cool spring of delicious water. After loafing about for a while, I go down to the lake for a swim. The water is great, but the air is too cold for great enjoyment. For the first time since leaving Los Angeles, a few clouds are visible in the sky, and so they are very conspicuous. The veterans say this means rain.

I pass the time lazily until dinner time. After dinner, campfire. The feature this time is a talk by Mr. Colby on John Muir. I am enchanted by the singing of Omo Grimwood, a mezzo-soprano of real ability. She has a way of putting over a song. She sings a little Bohemian folksong in such a way that I am determined to learn it. A few of us stayed around the fire for a long, long time, until only a few embers were left. And then to bed.

July 19

I am up at 6:30, after a very restful night of sleep. After breakfast, I join Mr. Dawson's party for a little trip up a narrow canyon back of Benson Lake. After much wild scrambling through undergrowth and slipping through and over wet rocks, we

come to a little place a short distance up the canyon, where we hold another one of those delightful groups led by Ernest Dawson. We sing; we read; we talk; we rest; we do nothing. All is relaxed; care is remote. We scramble back again in time for lunch.

This is destined to be another of my lazy days. After taking a nap, I wash my clothes. When the mail arrives, the first in a week, I am disappointed that there is none for me. I wander down to the beach to see the bandanna display, and am astonished beyond words at the variety. Hereafter I shall have a new respect for the lowly bandanna. There is silk, linen, wool, paisley, batik, print. There is a replica of the Declaration of Independence and a map of Italy. Dan is there with some tea and cookies for the observers.

I do some writing on the beach while taking a sun bath. The clouds are a little larger now than yesterday, and the peaks around the lake are slightly obscured by a misty haze. It begins to look more and more like rain.

I join some of the others in a game of volley ball. It is great fun, although very exhausting at this altitude. It also turns out to be rather violent, for little Laurie Apple-garth breaks her collarbone while playing.

After a bit of this, I return to camp and prepare my things for rain. After dinner, there is a rehearsal of the forthcoming Freshman show, at which it is going to be my duty to impersonate Ansel Adams. At the campfire, Newton Bell speaks in his inimitable way about Mohammedanism and certain European topics. Afterwards, I again stay around the campfire until the very end. I am going to Climb Piute Mountain(10,480 feet) tomorrow with Ernest Dawson, weather permitting.

July 20

I am up at six after a restful night of sleep. After breakfast, I leave with seven others under the leadership of Ernest Dawson to climb Piute Mountain. It is a stiff climb, with much rock work. I go up slowly on all fours, as the climb gets harder and harder. It would be very disheartening and discouraging but for the compensation of the ever grander view as we go higher and higher. Before long, the lake is lying below us, looking for all the world like a large, dark green mirror. After a most exhausting climb, we are at the top and I see around me a view that makes it all worth while. It is even better than the view from Mammoth Mountain. Of course, there are mountains and mountains and mountains. The most wonderful is Mt. Lyell that I have heard so much about--the highest peak in Yosemite Park, 13,090 feet high. Its large glacier shines brightly--I have never seen a glacier before. Jagged peaks are all about us! Below to the left are the five little Seavey Lakes, where Mr. Older has led a party.

The clouds grow more and more threatening as we go down. We can see that it is raining not many miles away, but we only get some rumbles of thunder and a few little drops of rain. When I get to the bottom, I am very, very tired. The rocks have been particularly hard on my feet. But after taking a bath, life seems worth living again.

After resting a bit, I have dinner, and can not help noticing a number of very cleverly made bill posters announcing the presentation that evening at campfire of Ansel Adams' great creation, the Greek drama Exhaustos. It turns out to be one of the cleverest things I have ever seen. It is in the authentic Greek style, with two choruses, messengers of evil, and all the trimmings. It is a take-off on the life of the Sierra Club member. The cast of characters includes Exhaustos, king of Dehydros; his wife, Queen Citronella, his daughter Climbinextra, the young king Ryecrispos, the lord Privos Counsellors, and Ogotellone, the fisherman. The action is punctuated frequently by groans from the chorus, or moans of "Wee is me". It is simply great.

It is such a beautiful evening, although the sky is covered with clouds. The moon, in its first quarter has just risen in the east. Some of us think that the lake must be beautiful in the moonlight, so we wander in that direction. Many others seem to have thought the same, and so there is quite a pilgrimage. What a picturesque sight it is to see behind us a weaving, winding, procession of lights as each person guides his way with his flashlight along the winding trail. It is like so many fireflies playing slowly, sinuously in the forest darkness. We pass the camp of our packers, and I hear one of the "boys" playing softly on his mouth-organ while another sings. More romance.

But all this is nothing. When we come to the edge of the trees and break suddenly on the shore of the lake, I catch my breath in amazement at the wonderful scene that meets my eyes. Before me is the lake, with the mountains on all sides. The sky is very overcast with thick clouds, with the moon playing hide and seek among the clouds, and pouring silver on all that it touches. Some of the silver has spilled on the lake, forming a shimmering trail right up to the gently whispering wavelets at our feet. A little way to the left, I hear a voice singing. And to the right, some of the packers have built a fire, and are stretched out around it, talking, smoking, singing.

We find it hard to break away from all this, and so we remain for several hours, absorbing this beauty. It is another one of the high spots that I shall probably never forget.

July 21

Up at half past four this morning. Our destination today is the Matterhorn Canyon. Mr. Dawson is going to desert the trail and travel across country, and I am in his party. We go back up the same trail on which we had come to Benson Lake, but only for a mile or two. At this point, we cut sharply off the trail to the left. At first this involves some lively scrambling up the rocks on all fours until we reach the top of the crest. The country we now traverse is quite different from any we have yet passed. It is very wild, and in a sense, almost barren. There is much bare rock and much water, but comparatively few trees--nothing to compare with the dense tree growth at our Benson Lake camp.

We cross several ridges, and I admire this strange, wild scenery. There is absolutely nothing to suggest that men have ever been here before, but the fact that my map shows all this very accurately destroys the illusion. There are several wonderful meadows, studded with wild flower beds. We pass a few more damp flats simply infested with little frogs that hop about me at every step that I take. I see for the first time a strange phenomenon, rainbows in the clouds. When a cloud is partially or entirely covering the sun, it is edged with opalescent color, not as symmetrical as a rainbow, but more like the color in a large oyster shell--mother of pearl.

We come to Smedberg Lake. Again I think it the most beautiful I have seen, but I am beginning to wonder whether I ought to make comparisons. Each lake is just a specimen of perfect beauty on its own right. Already I have seen so many lakes, each a veritable jewel, each so different from the others. Here is another one, in a few miles we shall come to another. Smedberg Lake is dominated by Volunteer Peak which overlooks it. The gray of the granite and the blue of the water, the bluer blue of the sky, the occasional dab of green vegetation, and the rainbows in the clouds make an exquisite picture. The numerous islets in the lake add to the fantasy.

We continue on our way, and before long come to Sister Lake, another one of those things. It is like a slightly smaller edition of Smedberg Lake, but Volunteer Peak is less conspicuous. Only a small ridge separates the two lakes. In a little while we come to a third lake, the smallest of the three. It is listed on the map as Talullah Lake. It is not as striking as the others, perhaps because there are no prominent peaks in the near vicinity. Trees are also very sparse here. We decide to stay here for lunch and a long rest.

Some of the others go in for a swim. By accident I come across a letter which clears up a mystery for me, but adds many others. I write, rest, doze. There is some thunder, and a few raindrops come down, but not enough even for a drizzle. After a long rest of about four hours, we start off again.

The scenery becomes wilder and more barren. We pass a number of tiny lakelets or ponds. Mr. Dawson tells me that it is very unusual for this country not to be entirely covered with snow, even though it is midsummer. Again I am impressed by the fact that this has been the driest summer in a number of years. But all around us is ample evidence that the snow has melted but recently. We cross several mud flats. In one I see fresh tracks of bear, birds, and small rodents.

We cross a pass at an altitude of about 10,200 feet. It amuses me when I think that I am now almost as high, with very little effort, as I was yesterday on Piute Mountain after an exhausting climb. We descend to Smedberg Creek, and from there to Matterhorn Canyon. The canyon scenery is of course wonderful. We are again down among the trees. We arrive at camp finally, a few miles down the canyon, after a great day of cross-country hiking. We have covered between ten and twelve miles today, although Ernest Dawson

says it is nearer fourteen. Before having dinner, I remove a week's growth of whiskers, and feel very naked. The campfire is a bit of a letdown after the last few. I sing a couple of songs as part of the program. There is no singing after campfire--everyone looks tired. And so to bed.

July 22

Today's hike to Virginia canyon is to be a short and very easy one. I awake at five to find that everything seems to be covered with frozen dew. It is bleak and uncomfortable until the glow of the rising sun begins to spread over the western wall of the canyon.

We cross the stream to the other side of the canyon and start up the trail which zigzags steeply up the canyon wall. When we reach the top, I photograph a very interesting peak overlooking the canyon at its far end. I ask three people what it is, and am told that it is Matterhorn Peak, Twin Peak, and Whorl Mountain. In a little while, we come to a charming lake, Miller Lake, set right in the heart of the mountains. Quite a number of people are stopping here to rest after their hard climb. While I am writing, a friend tells me that I ought to climb a nearby point for a fine view. It is only a matter of about a quarter mile walk, but when I get to the top, I am met by the finest view of the trip. All around are mountain peaks and clouds. The clouds are particularly beautiful. I long to take a picture of Mt. Lyell and the glacier, which seems much closer than from the top of Piute Mountain, but realize that because of the light, it will not amount to anything. Mr. Rankin helps me take a view of the mountains on the other side. I hope the clouds show in the picture if it ever comes out.

A few of us build a fire, and we cook the trout that one of our bunch has caught. It sprinkles occasionally while we are having our repast, but it still cannot be called rain. After resting for a long time, Octavia, Newton, and I hit the trail for camp, only a short distance ahead. We arrive just in time for rehearsal of the freshman show which is to be presented that night at campfire. I am to imitate Ansel Adams, and spend the rest of the day, including dinner time, in getting ready. The props, including Ansel's famous hat, are easy to obtain, but the whiskers offer quite a problem. I decide on shredded rope, dyed black, and fastened to adhesive tape. This looks ferociously realistic, but when the dye refuses to dry in time, I am forced to resort to steel-wool, stolen from Commissary (but later returned). This works fine, even if it does give me a more aged look than the part requires.

The show turns out to be a great success, and I think I did well, even though it felt strange for me to "let loose" and imitate someone else before an audience. At any rate, I receive Ansel's whole-hearted approval. He does not know that I have been carefully watching his every movement and mannerism for a week. The night is murky and threatens rain, but although I prepare for it, none comes. The hike today has been the shortest so far, six or seven miles.

July 23

I am up at four after a rather restful night. After breakfast, we hit the trail for Tuolumne Meadows. After a steep initial climb of about 500 feet, we have rather easy going the rest of the way. Our party is the usual one--Ernest Dawson, Fern Dawson, Louise Shubach, Octavia Marx, Newton Bell, and I. There is also a little friend of Fern's, Eleanor Smith, a very reticent and retiring creature, but very charming nevertheless.

The journey is uneventful, being filled for the most part by a contest between Newton and myself as to who could create the worst pun, and later by more serious discussions. He is as superlative in the sublime as in the ridiculous.

Shortly before noon I receive another thrill. In the distance I can make out Tuolumne Falls, and soon we are at the Tuolumne River at Glen Aulin. Familiar territory once more. It seems like visiting old friends again to see Tuolumne Falls, the Tuolumne River, Wildcat Point, and all the many cascades and rapids. It has been only ten days since I have been here, but it seems like so much longer than that.

We now retrace our former way. We stop again at our old swimming hole where we rested last time, this time for lunch. While waiting here, we are sent scurrying to shelter by a sudden shower, the most pretentious so far, which lasts for about five minutes. We again say farewell to our lovely pool, and make our way upstream. We pass by one familiar sight after another as we approach our base camp at Tuolumne Meadows, which we reach in mid-afternoon. It is very bleak and depressing when I get back. I do not know whether it is the overcast skies, or whether it is the realization that already half the trip is over, and I will now have to say goodbye to Newton Bell and some other friends. I have by now become definitely attached to Newt, and I am afraid to think how much I shall miss him. He calls me his manager, and considers himself my managee.

A strange thing happens to me as we come into Tuolumne Meadows. At the sound of an auto horn on the nearby Tioga road, I start with surprise so perceptibly to the others, that they laugh at me. But nothing on earth has been farther from my mind than such a symbol of civilization as an automobile horn.

A sudden sagging of spirits and a general feeling of depression overcome me when we get to camp. I feel lonely, and for the hundredth time wish that Squire Coop were here to share all these experiences with me. How he would enjoy them. It is the one flaw in an otherwise perfect program. By a coincidence I receive a letter from him in which I get the impression that he, too, is having a wonderful summer over at Berkeley. This serves to remove some of my gloom, and I hasten to write to him to urge him again to ride back to Los Angeles with me. It seems very odd to be enjoying something without him.

Before dinner and during dinner I observe another one of those marvelous sunsets that seem to be the usual thing at Tuolumne Meadows. The cloud masses, shapes, and changing colors are unbelievably beautiful.

I make the acquaintance of Cedric Wright, of whom Ernest Dawson has already told me. He is the traditional violin-

1st of the Sierra Club. He seems to know how to play his instrument in the manner best suited to the campfire. It sounds hauntingly romantic as the sounds come out of the darkness. Tonight the moon is approaching full, and I shall never forget the beauty of this night --the mountains of the Cathedral range standing out in black silhouette against the moonlit sky, the trees about me, also in silhouette, the faces before me, illumined by the campfire glow, the strains of a Tartini andante coming from the darkness behind me.

After campfire, the night is so tempting that a few of us fool around in Ernest Dawson's car for an hour or so. I am struck at this time by the keen mind of Rita Padway, one of the younger veterans of the outing. On the way back to my sleeping bag with Newt, we comment on the fact that it is not necessary to use a flashlight now to find our way about--the moon is now bright enough to make that unnecessary.

July 24

After breakfast, Fred Foulon helps me start the car which has dried up a bit since I left it here two weeks ago. The battery is low, and the vacuum tank has run dry. After starting it, we drive down to the Ranger's station. It is a queer sensation to drive a car again, and a stranger sensation to taste fresh fruit, on which we gorge ourselves shamelessly. When we return, I take a few group pictures before Newton leaves with Clay Gooding. I feel a real pang when they turn out of sight.

After lunch, I shave, bathe, wash, etc. The clouds look so entrancing over Gibbs and Kuna, that I take a couple of snapshots of the east end of Tuolumne Meadows. I experiment with these, using my K2 filter. I hope something shows in the finished product. I also determine to snap some of the Belding Ground Squirrels that I see scampering here and there now and then. I wait patiently, and am rewarded with two shots, each containing two of the little animals. But it takes over half an hour of almost immovable patience.

The clouds continue wonderful throughout the day, but no rain. I expect a more glorious sunset than ever, and am not disappointed. The clouds during the day are mountainous white cumulus, chiefly on the east and south horizons. It is actually fascinating just to sit and watch them change their shapes. Doris Barr, one of our songsters has received a large package of sweets and cookies, and invites a number of us to a little party to share them with her. They certainly hit the right spot.

The campfire, which is in charge of Francis Farquhar is featured by a historical-geographical talk about this country by Dr. Payson Treat, head of the History department at Stanford University. It turns out to be one of the funniest things I have ever yet heard. Among other things, he tells of Sir Charles Lyell being sent to these mountains by the British king to inscribe his name on the ice of Mt. Lyell glacier; of the petty bickering as to the kind of letters to be used, depending on whether glacier naming is a major or minor sport; of Sir Charles Lyell being the first white man to cross Muir Gorge in a wheel-

chair; of Kit Carson and his Indian wives, each carrying a cuspidor with which they tried to catch his random shots.

The moon tonight is a little larger than last night, and all is a little brighter. Again it is not necessary to use my flashlight in finding my bed. My last impression before falling asleep is of Cathedral, Unicorn and the others in black silhouette against the sky to the southward, with the oval moon riding above them. Unreal in the daytime--unbelievably fantastic in the moonlight.

July 25

I am up at five in compliance with last night's call for volunteers by Francis Tappaan. We help get supplies sorted out and packed for the caches at Babcock Lake and Donohue Pass. It is not hard, but lots of fun.

After breakfast, a small party of us, led by Ansel Adams leave to climb Mt. Dana (13,050 ft.) We drive a few miles back up the Tioga road to a point not far from the summit of Tioga Pass. Here the cars are parked and we begin a steady climb up the mountainside. At the lower levels, that is, just below timber line, we pass through some gorgeous flower beds which are actually the prettiest of the trip so far. The rocks, which are most abundant are of a dull green or dull red color, about half of each. Although each individual rock, when examined is not very striking by itself, the mountain itself has a very gaudy appearance. In some places, the rocks are covered with lichens--yellow, red, black, gray, gold, blue, green. I never knew lichens could have such bright colors--even the flowers below are not any more brilliant.

Above timberline, there is a large patch of dwarfed lupines which catches my attention because they have a sharp, pungent odor. I have never detected any odor from lupines, and find this one quite disagreeable. As we near the top, the climb becomes a little harder, but never strenuous or difficult. We scramble from one jagged boulder to another, stopping frequently to catch our breath and admire the view. Finally I am on the highest green rock--the summit of Mt. Dana. I have never been up so high in my life; two and a half miles.

The view on all sides is one of unprecedented splendor. So far, each mountaintop view has been better than all the previous ones--this is no exception. The most striking feature of the landscape is Mono Lake, which can be seen in its entirety. It is faintly veiled in a diaphanous mist. It has an unreal color--a sort of opaque green. It seems to have some white clouds floating on the surface of the lake, but I see that they are only reflections of clouds above the lake. The lake is entirely surrounded by dry, bleak, volcanic, desert country. Extinct volcanic craters are very much in evidence, and there are few trees in the vicinity of the lake. I cannot adequately describe the color and general beauty of this sight--suffice it to say that this view of Mono Lake will be one of those ineradicable memories.

On all other sides there are just mountains and lakes. I cannot see how there can be so many mountains nearby, and wonder to myself whether they are all mapped and have names. I can

even see beyond Mono Lake a distant range of Mountains which must be in Nevada. Mts. Lyell, McLure, Banner, Ritter, and the Lyell, MacLure and Koip glaciers are very much in evidence. Ansel tells me that we are to go through all that country in the next two weeks. Along Tioga Pass, I can make out Tioga Lake, Ellery Lake, and Saddlebag Lake. On the side of the mountain on which I am standing there are a few glacial lakes. The most interesting thing about them to me is their strange color. It is a very opaque green--something like green paint. It seems as though an object six inches under the surface would be invisible. Above each of these lakes is a patch of ice which apparently feeds it.

I find it very hard to break away from this magnificent view, but as all good things come to an end, we break away after having had our lunch and signing our names to the register in the cairn on the summit. About 500 feet down, I pass Fern Dawson leisurely making her way to the top. Near this point, a group of us stop at a snowpatch near which we passed on our way up. Here we mix some of our fruit preserves with the snow and have "sherbet", a most exhilarating and refreshing tidbit. I think to myself what a strange thing it is to be in snow on July 25.

We continue the descent. Like the ascent, it is very tedious. By the time I am down among the flowers near the bottom again, I am tired, and my feet are sore from those pretty green and red rocks. We get back to Ansel's car, and before long, we are back at camp.

Just as I am thinking how tired I am, I realize with a start that I do not have my camera. I go to Ansel, but it is not in the car. I try to trace back where I had it last. I took some pictures up on the summit. I took one of Ansel as he was putting his camera away, I took one of Mono Lake, which Ansel doubted would ever come out because of the haze, and a few of the mountains. I must have lost it after that. I finally decide that I must have left it up at the snow patch while we were having sherbet. I now remember having unstrapped my camera, but do not remember having put it on again. What shall I do? We are breaking camp and hit the trail tomorrow for the second two weeks. Shall I leave my camera behind? Shall I wait to see if one of the others who stayed behind picked it up? Finally I decide that since it is now too late to climb up after my precious camera now, I will wait for the last party to come back, and if they do not have it, to climb old Dana at dawn, and then follow the others on to the next camp. It is a rotten mess--I probably will not find the snow patch, and I will probably be in no condition for a full day's hike. But there is no way out. I will not give up my camera without a struggle.

But my guardian angel is still with me. As I am walking back disconsolately to the ranger's station, I meet a party of stragglers from Dana. One of them has picked up my camera, and so I am happy again. I almost set a new record of having climbed a 13,000 foot peak twice within twenty four hours.

It was a very thankful being who again went back to camp to write, clean up and prepare for the next lap of the trip. There is no outstanding feature of the campfire that night. Mr. William E. Colby has suddenly been called back to San Francisco on business, and Ansel Adams now assumes the leadership. He gives us general instructions for the next two weeks, and describes the trail for tomorrow. The clouds are now subsiding, and it looks like we will have no more rain this trip. The moon is larger and brighter tonight. All's well with the world.

July 26

We are up at four this morning, and break camp for the second two weeks. As I am having breakfast, I think of yesterday's climb. It is the first 13,000 foot peak I have ever climbed, and although it was the highest, it was easier to climb than either Mammoth Mountain or Piute Mountain. I hope to climb Mt. Lyell and Mt. Ritter or Banner during the next couple of weeks.

Newton Bell is gone, and the gap is quite noticeable. This morning I leave with Ernest Dawson, Fern Dawson, and Octavia Marx. We cross the Tuolumne, and go east along Tuolumne Meadows for a short distance. We stop for a moment to say goodbye to a couple of friends of Mr. Dawson--Miss Pierce and Miss Willard, both of whom went up to Cathedral Lake with us two weeks ago. They are not members of the Sierra Club, but happen to be camping along the Tuolumne River.

We continue up the trail, and are going up Tuolumne Pass. We are going up very gradually, through meadows of wild flowers and a new kind of grass, which when seen in perspective gives to the fields a very purple tinge. After some hours, we come to the top of Tuolumne Pass, some 10,100 feet up in the air. Facing us is a new range of Mountains, the most prominent of which is Mt. Vogelsang. The sun is very bright and these gray granite peaks just glisten in the sunlight.

Beyond Tuolumne Pass, we come to little Boothe Lake where we stop for lunch and a rest. It is on the order of those little gems of last week. It is not unlike Neall Lake, except that it is a little smaller. After lunch, Ernest Dawson has one of those little groups of his which I now look forward to most eagerly. And since we still have a long way to go, we are off before very long.

As we go past Mt. Vogelsang, which is to our left now, we pass a few more lakelets, and some strange granite walls and domes which rise abruptly out of the ground at our right. These grow in number and splendor. We are now following Fletcher Creek, and are going along rather level ground. The ground is grassy and there are few trees. I cannot keep my eyes from the **exhibition** at my left. What a paradise for a geologist or physiographer. Now a peak which has a narrow, razor-edge ridge swinging down to a lower peak, reminding me of the old armored dinosaur, Stegosaurus. Now a perfect example of a glacial cirque on the side of the mountain. Now a perfect set of exfoliated arches just like those in the Yosemite Valley, but lacking the setting and the publicity of the Royal Arches. At my right are some less

sharply edged rocks--large, imposing, granite domes rising abruptly out of the ground. They seem to be bulgings of the bed-rock, which have pushed their way out of the ground. They are shaped very interestingly, and seem to be larger than they are because of the fact that that are so abrupt and do not taper into the ground. Most of them are weathered by exfoliation, like large, gray, petrified onions, the outer layers of which are peeling off. Large, thin plates lie at their base. .

The stream which we are following seems to get smaller instead of larger as we go along. As it enters a canyon it is just a trickle. As it glides over the polished granite slope below a particularly imposing sphinx-like dome, I wonder to myself how this must look in times of high water. As it is, it will probably be dry in a few weeks.

We descend into the canyon, and the type of country suddenly changes. We were in grassy meadows, then granite slopes, and now the canyon is quite heavily wooded. We are soon in camp, a short distance away from Babcock Lake. As we have covered about fourteen or sixteen miles today, I feel that the lake will be very welcome, but by the time I get there, the sun has gone below the horizon, and the air is too cool to make an elaborate swimming party very enjoyable. The lake is not a large one, and it is not quite as good looking as most of the others have been.

I return to camp and have dinner, after which we go to the campfire. The feature this time is a talk by Dr. Hills of Vassar College, his subject being alluvial and glacial valleys, with particular reference to the origin of the Yosemite Valley. Ralph Arthur Chase announces that a short distance down trail is a very enchanting spot to view the rising of the almost full moon. So after the campfire is officially over, some of us go about two hundred yards beyond where we camped. Here we walk out on a sort of sloping ledge overlooking a narrow gorge, with the swishing gurgle of a stream running down at the bottom coming up to us on top. Across the gorge is a pyramid-shaped dome of light gray granite, which in the moonlight is just glistening. It reflects the light of the moon very much like the way I saw it once on El Capitan. It is a most attractive sight in the warm evening air. As we face it, the moon is to our left just over a range of mountains which I later find to be the Mt. Clark range. Unfortunately, we got there too late to see the moon rise; but this is a romantic enough sight as it is. A few of us stay quite a while. We lie on our backs looking up at the sky, while some of us sing to the others. We chat lightly. No one speaks in more than a semitone, yet all can hear. Mr. Dawson tells us about the Gibson girl in the moon, and we all hunt for it. Eventually, we are all singing to the moon, to the pyramid, to each other--soft, sentimental songs. How happy and carefree I am, and everyone seems to be the same. But as the hours pass, it gets colder, and our procession goes back to camp. Another beautiful memory, as I go to sleep, facing the Gibson girl in the moon.

July 27

Up at five this morning after a cold, restless, night. After breakfast, I start with Ernest Dawson as usual, but I soon am lagging behind hunting for suitable photographic subjects. Only a short distance along the trail is the scene of last night's charming gathering. The granite dome has lost much of its glamor now that the moon is gone and it is broad daylight, the rock is now a dull gray, but the mountain range shows up to good advantage, for it is decked out in gay colors. As I pass this point, I take a couple of snapshots, and the trail now becomes very abrupt as I zigzag down, losing altitude rapidly. Before starting the next climb, I join forces with Cedric Wright who offers to help give me some pointers on taking pictures.

On turning a bend in the trail, I get one of the great thrills of the entire trip--greater because of its suddenness. Down the canyon, in full view is none other than old Half Dome. I had come to consider it as an old friend. From this point of observation, it looks very peculiar--backwards as it were. I soon realize that not only am I viewing it from the wrong end (that is, although we always think of it as seen from the Yosemite Valley, I am now viewing it from the east, rather than from the west) but from a point higher than the summit of Half Dome. I literally gorge myself on this sight which sends a quiver up my spine. I take one picture after another, although I know that a distant haze is gradually obscuring old Half Dome.

Cedric assures me that I will see it frequently during the next week, and so I tear myself reluctantly away. We turn a bend in the trail, and it is out of sight.

We come to a fascinating Juniper tree, and spend almost an hour while I watch Cedric photograph various angles of it. As he works he explains, and I gather some valuable pointers. He lends me his tripod and filters, and I take two pictures of my own, one of a peculiar radial distortion of the wood, and the other of a corkscrew-like branch. I am very grateful to Cedric for his kindness and patience.

We continue uptrail, he and I, both taking pictures as we go along. He shows me a cloud that I ought to photograph, and takes many shots himself. A splendid range of mountains comes into view, dominated by Merced Peak. We come to a number of the others who are having lunch by a pretty little stream, and we join them. As luck would have it, Dr. Bailey discovers a nest of two young Townsend Solitaires, not fifty yards away. Cedric goes back at his request to photograph these fledglings, which are very rare and I follow him. As he is taking the picture, we notice the mother flying about overhead in a panicky sort of way, so Cedric sets his camera for a "remote control" snapshot and we "lay low". The mother flies about from tree to tree in a frightened manner. Its wild circle becomes narrower and narrower; it alights on the rock which shelters the nest; it hurriedly hops on the nest and quickly feeds each of the babies. A flash of red as they open their mouths, a flash of brown and the anxious mother is gone. But the camera has done its work; the three birds are now immortal.

We continue to our camp near the Merced Canyon where

we are going to spend the next three nights. The hike today has only been about seven miles in length. After dinner, Ansel announces that contrary to usual procedure, the campfire will not be in camp proper, but about a quarter of a mile away, at the edge of the Merced Canyon, at a point overlooking Washburn Lake. He says that he has selected this ~~sight~~ because of the unusual view that can be obtained there. And so we all wend our way thither.

What a sight. We are on a sort of plateau at the brink of the Merced Canyon. Here is one of the most magnificent trees I have ever beheld--a venerable, hoary old juniper, a giant of its species. No one, not even the old-timers, has ever seen a larger or grander specimen of this tree which John Muir thought to be the oldest living thing in the world, older even than the Sequoia. Down, down, at the bottom of the canyon is Lake Washburn. Way off at the right end of the canyon where it makes a turn, is beautiful Merced Lake. On the opposite side of the canyon, a grand pageant or tableau is being presented for us. In royal display, there is a range of mountains. One is red, one is gray, one is blue, and so on down the line. They almost seem to be painted, and set there by some titan. It is hard to think that they are placed there in this way just by accident, and that this scene is only very rarely seen by human eyes. And as I marvel, Ansel Adams says, "Why, this is nothing. You ought to see this range in a year of normal precipitation when it is trimmed in snow." I am overcome by a feeling of religious awe.

I sit on a rock at the edge of the canyon, looking past the great juniper toward Merced Lake, and the western end of the canyon. The sun is setting, and I suddenly realize that it is the most splendid sunset I have ever seen, regardless of this heavenly setting. Above me the campfire has already started, but I am oblivious to it. Only when there is only a faint pink glow left in the sky do I come to and join the others. As I sit facing the east, the moon rises over there, just about full. It is just too perfect. I am only faintly conscious of the fact that Dr. Voorhees of the University of Arizona is speaking about rattlesnakes (of all things!) I am unwilling to leave the campfire after it is all over.

On my way back to bed, I begin to feel a bit sick, and by the time I go to bed, I am feeling not at all well. My last thought is of how strange it is that every time I see a beautiful sight, I cannot enjoy it to the limit, but feel lonesome for Squire Coop, and wish he could be here with me. How he would thrill to it all. I have created another great memory, comparable only to that tramp through the forest of the Tuolumne Canyon and the moonlight over Benson Lake.

July 28

It drizzled a wee bit last night. I am up at six, and although I am not feeling very well, I am going to take a chance and try to climb up Mt. Florence, 12,507 ft. high, with Ernest

Dawson and some others. It seems to be a popular climb, for three parties in all are going to make the climb. We go upstream until there is no more stream, and then up the slope, past the last of the scrubby, snow-distorted, white pine, (*albicaulis*) and up the rock slope of Mt. Florence. On the lower levels of this peak, the going is similar to that on Mt. Dana--a steady grind over sharp, broken rocks, which, however, lack the striking color of the rocks on Mt. Dana. There are also the glacial lakes of translucent green. Nearer the top, the climb becomes more precarious as there seems to be nothing solid to support one's weight; many of the large rocks tilting under one's weight. We have to circle around to get to the top.

When we get to the top, it is overcrowded with climbers. Some are having lunch, some are taking pictures, some are just looking around. The view is, of course, superb, although not as striking as the one from Mt. Dana. The feature here is a distant view of not only Half Dome, but also the Yosemite valley and El Capitan. I again get that queer emotional surge that always comes to me every time I see these old friends. It is the first time I have seen El Capitan this summer. This time I am viewing it from above.

On the other side, the landscape is dominated by four nearby and now very prominent peaks--Mt. Lyell, Mt. McLure, Mt. Ritter, and Mt. Banner. Although I know that there should be much snow, very little is visible--we must be looking at them from the wrong side.

By now, my sick feeling of this morning has entirely left me. I wonder as I look about me where so many rocks came from. I never saw so much granite before in my life. This becomes even more noticeable as we start to go down by a different route. Rocks, rocks, rocks, and then more rocks in the form of slabs, boulder, plates, and every conceivable manifestation of rock. This rock seems to be plain granite, as compared with the lichen covered red and green rocks of Mt. Dana.

The descent is very precipitous, and in a few places seems to be impossible. After going down one cliff, I look back and wonder how I ever did it. We continue going down over more rock--will this never cease. It is with a sigh of real happiness that I stand momentarily on the first little clump of sod, and feel that little yielding that the rock lacks. We now traverse several stretches of glacially polished granite, and in my hobnailed boots it is hard to keep from sliding down to the bottom. After a few experiences of this kind, I learn to walk along the cracks and joints, and mishaps become less frequent.

We come to a little U-shaped lakelet, and we decide to stop for a swim. We have no bathing suits, so the men and women each take one arm of the lake, with a ridge between. I myself do not swim, but stretch out on a granite slab, and look up at the beautiful clouds, and just muse and contemplate my situation. We are now on the McLure fork of the Merced River. If we were to follow it down, we would come to that Merced Canyon which our camp overlooks, and we would have a hard job

climbing up out of it. We must be careful on our way back to camp that we stay on the canyon wall or the edge of the canyon, and not on the canyon floor. Behind are the two sharp peaks of Mt. Lyell and Mt. MacLure, both looking very barren, with no snow or vegetation.

After the others are through with their dip, we have a little tea and bullion party, and then we are off again. As we continue across country, there is less of the slippery granite, and more of the trees. As we go along, the canyon to our left becomes deeper, and the trees and undergrowth become more luxuriant. We pass through some wild flower beds, mostly mimulus, and even a patch of wild onions. Eventually we hit the trail, and are soon in camp again after a hike of about ten miles or so. A glance at the map shows that we have gone around in a great circle, ending up at the opposite end of the Merced Canyon from which I saw that sunset last night.

After dinner, the campfire is held at a level place right in the forest, and not at the edge of the canyon overlooking Washburn Lake. The reason for this is that tonight is going to be our Night Club, and of course we must have a dance-floor. Everyone is in costume, and what costumes! My own is an impromptu tuxedo, with facial effects of white greasepaint designs, and an unusual hair combing. But most of the others are more imaginative and fantastic. Dignity is out of place, and I almost double up when I see some of the efforts.

Some of the features of the program are a girl's chorus, a boy's chorus (bare legs and all), an orchestra conducted by Steve Wyckoff consisting of musical combs, a radio crooner, a microphone, a master of ceremonies, and a dance which has to be called off on account of the dust. It is impossible to describe the hilarity of it all. And yet, when it is all over, and I make my way back to bed, I have another mysterious attack of acute loneliness and the blues. I try to diagnose the situation, and attribute it to the fact that I have no real friend here who can feel these things with me the way I feel them myself. I am alone in the midst of all ~~the~~ these people.

The moon is full, and very bright. I go to bed in the hope that I will sleep off my depressed feeling. It is hard to go to sleep, and when I do doze off, the bright moonlight wakes me up again. So I cover up, and am finally sound asleep.

July 29

I am up at seven after a restless night, feeling a little better. After breakfast, I go to sleep again until noon. After lunch, I join one of Ernest Dawson's little parties. We have another delightful little campfire and discussion, after which we go up trail a bit to find a lake that is listed in our maps. We cross a bed of sopping wet sphagnum moss, out of which one of our party squeezes half a cupful of water from a handful of moss. There is a good deal of this soft, damp, cushiony moss around this Washburn Lake camp. We find our lake, and while the others are swimming, I wash some of my dirty clothes. We return in time for dinner, after which we again go to our campfire at the edge of the canyon near our big juniper. It is a musical program, tonight, and one of the happiest campfires of the lot.

The night is extremely beautiful, and the music sounds better than ever. I am dying to sing in this beautiful setting, but this time a beautiful memory is not even born, so I have to rest content with just ~~listening~~ listening. After the campfire, I remain and watch the full moon as it climbs in the sky and lights up the canyon, giving it at each moment a different lighting effect. I am very wide awake, and very thoughtful. This leads to a return of last night's feeling, and so I decide to go to bed. On my way back, I lose my way, but the glow of a fire through the woods guides me back. It is good old Scotty who has lit a fire to guide those like myself who might have lagged behind and lost their way. A strange person, Scotty. His name is Walter Scott, a rather young man who is a printer by trade. He has a few eccentricities, but the greatest of these is a desire to be of service to others. Whenever something is to be done, Scotty is the one to do it. One naturally thinks of him in this connection. At Benson Lake, he built a bridge to make it easier for the ladies to cross the stream. He also was stage manager, electrician, technical expert, and Lord High Everything Else at "Exhaustos". It is very typical of him that he should take it upon himself now to see that no one gets lost. Since my feet are wet from the sphagnum moss in which I have strayed, I dry my shoes and stockings by the fire while I chat with Scotty. It is quite late when I finally take my leave and go back to bed.

July 30

We are up at five today, as we are breaking camp. I am determined that I must have a picture of the old juniper before we go so I go down to the canyon right after a hurried breakfast. Since the sun has not yet risen completely over the wall of the canyon, I am forced to photograph the tree while half of it is still in the shadow. I take two photographs of it, and one of a nearby, more orthodox tree. I return to camp and hit the trail with Octavia Marx. The trail today is comparatively short. We retrace the trail of the other day, and then turn up the MacLure fork of the Merced. After a few miles, we are at camp, in a meadow below Bernice Lake at the foot of Mt. Vogelsang. It is still very early--barely noon, and so I decide to try to climb up Mt. Vogelsang by myself. I secure the permission of Ansel Adams to do so, and so I put on my red shirt which will make it easier to find me in case anything happens, and I'm off. I am very thrilled at the prospect of making my first real solo climb. When I get to what looked like the summit from below, I find that I am only at a ridge about half way up. I have to descend into a sort of valley and then climb again. Near the top of the final climb, I am overtaken by Ralph Arthur Chase, and we join forces. We choose the short way up, which is a little more hazardous, but after a good deal of gasping for breath, and frequent pausing, we are at the top.

The summit is 11,511 feet high. The last climb is very precipitous, and to make matters worse, a very strong wind is blowing. But the view is splendid. The view of the Yosemite Valley, although slightly obscured by haze, is the best yet. It looks very close from here. On the other side is a queer combination of

nation of plateau and cliff that looks as though it might be an earthquake fault or a strange specimen of vertical weathering. Several lakes are visible, all above timber line, and looking very barren. After I take a few snapshots, and after Mr. Chase and I sign our names and leave them in an improvised cairn, we begin the descent.

This turns out to be one peak that is easier to descend than ascend. We bounce down a good deal of the way on the flat tops of the wind and snow stunted white pine (*albicaulis*). About half way down, my companion and I separate, as he is in a great hurry while I take my time. I continue to make my way through the thick trees, and near the bottom occurs the most astonishing co-incidence of my life. I shall have to make a titanic effort to keep it from ruining the rest of the trip for me.

I return to camp quite upset, and to calm my nerves, I write a bit, and read a few chapters out of "Moby Dick". Then there is a rehearsal of a male quartet that Mr. Jordan is trying very hard to organize. Then there is dinner and a campfire. The side of Mount Vogelsang is very beautiful as the evening progresses. Marion Hunter, (a girl who came here clear from Brooklyn), Wolf Meyer, (a tall, striking, good-looking German boy), and I linger after the others, waiting for the moon to rise. Although it has not yet come up, the upper part of Mt. Vogelsang is already moonlit, with the illuminated portion steadily moving lower and lower. It is that eerie, greenish, color that I once saw on El Capitan. We three stand up on a little prominence, and while waiting for the moon to come up, we sing. They seem to like some of my songs, and I in turn am enchanted by Wolf Meyer's German folksongs. He promises to teach one or two to me the next day. While we are singing softly to ourselves, the moon rises in the southeast in all its glory. We tarry a little while, and then separate. I stop off at Scotty's campfire for a few minutes, and then go to bed unwillingly. The moon and this little valley are so beautiful.

July 31

I am up at half past four this morning. I am going cross country today with Ernest Dawson to Lyell Base Camp. We go upstream, past Bernice Lake, and past one other lake. Then we come to a ridge, the sharp edge of which is toward us, which forms two blind valleys. The party now breaks up into two groups, one half going to the left to climb Simmons Peak, and Ernest Dawson's party to the right. We are going to climb over a high ridge, which Mr. Dawson informs me is a pass. He also tells me that if we climb this pass, we will do so at an altitude of well over 12,000 feet. In other words, this pass is much higher than the top of the mountain which I climbed yesterday.

At the point where our parties divided, we are already above timber-line. We go up this blind canyon, climbing from one rock to another. This is strongly reminiscent of Mt. Florence, because there is nothing here but big, jagged rocks strewn wildly about. We are close to some small glaciers and large snowbanks. The snow is melting in the glare of the sun, and

and there are little trickles and small rivulets all about us. We pass several small lakes, each successive one on a shelf a little higher than the one before. I look back down the open end of the valley up which we are going, and I note with a kind of chagrin that I am now above the summit of Mt. Vogelsang which I climbed yesterday. Not a tree is to be seen anywhere--just grey rocks, and white snowpatches. Above me, at my right is Simmons Peak, which the other party is trying to climb.

We continue up, stopping at one of the snowpatches to make some of that refreshing fruit sherbet that I had once before on Mt. Dana. As we climb, the going gets steeper, until we are scrambling up the wall which is the far end of this blind canyon-valley. I stop frequently to rest and catch my breath, and to take pictures. The large areas of snow and ice particularly interest me, for it is midsummer. As we painfully near the top of the pass or ridge toward which we are striving, I pass by my first real glacier. Not very large, to be sure, but a glacier. The going is now very rough, and although not dangerous, great care has to be exercised to keep the rocks from sliding down. By now we are strung out, with Maya Paine and Beth Moreno farthest back and down.

With much difficulty, I reach the crest, where we stop to regather our forces. I feel quite elated, for we are now about 12,200 or 12,300 feet high, and this pass does not even have the dignity of a name. Just over before us is a stunning sight. Mt. MacLure in all its glory, with a large glacier on its side. It is a very striking peak from this angle because it is very symmetrical--an almost perfect pyramid of dark gray-green rock, with just a little of Mt. Lyell showing beyond. It looks like it could be climbed within half an hour, so close does it appear to be, but I know better than that.

We have lunch on the ridge, and fruit sherbet is most abundant. I do not know whether I like apricot or blackberry better. Both are delicious. When Maya Paine and Beth Moreno fail to show up, Paul Paine goes back after them, and later returns with both girls who have become panicky because of the loose rock to which they are unaccustomed, and in a hysterical state, just sat still and waited for something to happen. They were afraid to continue.

While we are resting, Ernest Dawson has gone ahead to reconnoitre. He returns after a bit with a worried look and the pleasing information that there does not seem to be a feasible route down. We all go to the edge and start to clamber down one part of the crumbling cliff that seems to be less precipitous than the others. It is ticklish work, and I am pretty scared as I notice how Ernest Dawson and Paul Paine try to lower two of the girls over the precipice. But at this point both Maya and Beth again begin to cry and refuse to go down. So there is nothing left to do but to climb up the narrow ledges

of rotten rock once more, to where we were just before, and skirt along the ridge in search of a more satisfactory way down. To go clear back to camp and start all over again is out of the question. Finally we decide to try a steep talus slope which has as its only recommendation the fact that it is not absolutely vertical. But it consists entirely of loose boulders, which turn out to be very dangerous. Ernest Dawson asks me to be the rear guard, and so I follow along only after everyone else. Beth and Maya seem to have lost their nerve, and almost have to be carried down. It is a very ticklish situation, for the rocks start to slide down at the very slightest touch. I go down facing up on all fours. I see a boulder coming down from above, and although I see that it will not hit me, it might strike Paul Paine. As it goes past me toward him, I reach out while it is in mid-air and give it a sudden push to one side. It is deflected sufficiently to go bounding past Paul instead of hitting him. I suddenly feel very heroic, especially inasmuch as I have received a painful cut on the palm of my hand which starts to bleed and become very bothersome.

Eventually the worst part of the descent is made, and I feel very relieved, but also a little downcast. In the first place, there is my cut hand. In the second place, I am a little unnerved. In the third place, I have ruined the rucksack that Squire Coop was kind enough to lend me. When we started to go down that awfully dangerous cliff, I had taken off my hobnailed boots and replaced them with rubber soled canvas shoes. In trying to put the boots in the rucksack, it had ripped clear across. And I don't think I can get another in America.

We continue down over the rocks. Many of the hobnails have been ripped out of the boots, and it is very tiring at this time. We stop at the foot of the MacLure glacier, where there is a green glacial lake feeding a small stream. This is the actual source of the Tuolumne River! The pass which we crossed is part of the divide separating the Tuolumne and Merced River basins. While the others are taking a swim in the icy waters of this lake, the birthplace of a beautiful river, I am attracted by some beautifully symmetrical quartz crystals growing out of a rock. The others find the water unbearably cold, and soon we are on our way once more.

We go down this little trickling stream. It grows larger and larger as it is joined by others like it. It dashes over shiny rocky slopes--down, down, down. It is not a hike down for me, but a real climb. The hobnails on the shiny rock make it especially difficult. But eventually we come to a tree; soon there is another; soon there is some green sod, and before long we are following the stream through green meadows. We pass through a sort of natural gateway, in view of a series of five smooth similar looking mountains. The obvious name "Five Brothers" suggests itself, although it is quite likely that they have no names.

In camp at last, and I have never been so tired before, not even after Piute Mountain. It has been an awfully strenuous day over some really tough country, and I have had my first mild taste of real mountaineering.

This place is called Lyell Base Camp. It is on the MacLure fork of the Tuolumne River. Its close proximity to the glacier which forms its source (the one I saw) is evidenced by the nature of the water in the river. The water is of a strange milkiness, which I am told is a characteristic of all glacial streams. The cloudy effect is caused by certain minerals which are not dissolved or settled, but in a state of suspension. The taste does not seem to be affected however--this water is just as deliciously tempting as all the mountain water that I have been drinking for the past three weeks, and I drink of it long and often that evening. I remember my thirst after climbing my first peak, Mammoth Mountain. Three weeks only, yet it seems to have happened many years ago.

Tired as I am, I drag my dunnage bag to the place I have selected for a camp and prepare for the night. I then go to the doctor to have him dress up my little scratch on my hand. No sense in not taking such a simple precaution. When I go back to my camp, I borrow a needle and some thread and try to sew up the torn rucksack. Betty Hone passes by, and seeing my very clumsy efforts, very kindly offers to take it and mend it for me before dinner. Like everyone else out here, she is as kind as she can be.

I go to dinner as hungry as I am tired--that is, I am famished. While eating, I learn that only five of the Simmons Peak party actually reached the summit, and that Louise Shubach has met with a minor accident. In climbing the peak, she fell off a precipitous ledge, spraining her knee and sustaining a number of cuts and bruises. She will be unable to walk tomorrow.

The campfire is brief, thanks to Ansel's consideration. He knows that it has been a hard day for many of us. But at that I fall asleep at the gathering, resting my head in Ernest Dawson's lap. I go to sleep early.

August 1

I slept like a log last night, and now feel as fit as though I had never been tired in my whole life. I wonder why I dreamed of an elephant charging, but I am told that the pack mules stampeded last night, and ran wild right through the men's encampment. My, but I must have slept soundly not to have noticed it. Anyway, I am up at 4:30 this morning. Since this camp is at an elevation of about 9500 feet, it is very chilly. So before we start today's hike to Garnet Lake, fifteen miles away, Mr. Dawson and I build a fire to warm up poor Louise while the packers are getting her horse ready. We linger for about an hour or two after breakfast until it is warm again. Everyone else has left by now except Fern Dawson, and her friend Eleanor Smith. While we are waiting I have an interesting time chatting with Eleanor whom I find to be exceedingly sweet and most charming.

When the horse arrives and Louise is all fixed, we start on our way. We cross the stream and go up the Lyell fork of the Tuolumne, almost to its source. The first part of the trail is a bit of a climb. The stream looks so strangely milky

from above--an opaque glacial green. We stop to rest above timberline in a bare, rocky valley which has overlooking it at its far end the imposing masses of Mt. Lyell and Mt. MacLure. Mt. Lyell has a great glacier on its face, the largest I have yet seen. It is the same one that enchanted me on Piute Mountain, the Miller Lake observation point and Mt. Dana. The summit of this peak, the highest point in Yosemite National Park, seems to be very close and an easy climb, but we have been warned that it is treacherous now because of present conditions. In spite of the warnings of Ansel Adams, however, Ralph Arthur Chase and his son and daughter have left early this morning to climb Lyell on the way to our next camp. The peak is 13,090 feet high.

We are now going up this rocky Donohue Pass, a rather easy grade. As we climb I cannot help admiring the beauty of this wild country. It is the wildest by far that we have yet seen. My enjoyment is tempered by the fact that one of my boots was worn through yesterday, and I have to be very careful how I support my weight on these rocks.

Finally we come to the summit of Donohue Pass, 11,100 ft. above sea level. It also happens to be on the southeastern boundary of Yosemite National Park. From this point I look down on a great valley-like declivity, with the vast, black, awe-inspiring bulk of Banner Mountain and Mt. Ritter rising to the right. From this point onward, Banner Mountain is almost constantly in view; Mt. Ritter, Mt. Davis, Mt. Lyell and Mt. MacLure only occasionally. The majesty and beauty of Banner Mountain and its neighbors is impossible to describe. The photographs of these giants that I have seen are so far below the reality. This is the kind of mountain scenery that I have seen pictures of and dreamed of, but never before actually seen. It is the kind of scenery that I would expect to find in the Alps. Before I know it I am making comparisons with the scenery of the Yosemite Valley, but do not carry this through very far because of their vast dissimilarity. Here I do not see a beautiful, perfect picture of carved monuments that I see in the valley, but real, rugged mountain scenery, the first I have seen on this trip, and scenically, the best and finest of the whole trip. I realize that I am enjoying my second great day of scenic paradise, the other having been the memorable fourteenth of July in the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. I have taken three rolls of film with me today, and will have to economize, for every step proves to be a more beautiful vantage point than the last for taking a beautiful picture. Again I pray that some of all these pictures that I am taking shall be successful.

Another intriguing bit of scenery comes into view. It is a strange peak whose upper edge looks for all the world like the edge of a saw. I have never seen anything like it, and probably never will. I do not think it even has a name, yet if it were in the Yosemite Valley, it would probably be world famous.

We stop for lunch at a placid meander in the stream we have been following. Here Cedric Wright and a few others have gathered, and we join them. We linger for a while to dine while Cedric and I take a picture or two. I cannot take my eyes

from the fascinating range of mountains, and am eager to get up and be going. For the last few miles, and in fact since leaving camp this morning, I have been with Eleanor Smith constantly. There is something about her that strikes me just right, especially after my sad experience of two days ago. She is young, sweet, wholesome, and above all very naive and guileless. She seems to fit in so well with the spirit of these surroundings. Nothing artificial about her. I find myself drawn to her.

We are off again in the direction of the beckoning mountains. Louise has gone ahead with Vern Owen, one of the packers. There are now five of us, Fern Dawson, Eleanor Smith, and I comprising one group, with Ernest Dawson and Elsie Bell Earnshaw leading the way. The country through which we go is rocky and mountainous, but marvelous. We pass by some of the packers playing cards and smoking, with the pack animals grazing nearby. We come to another group and are invited by Carl Youngberg to have some trout that he has just caught.

We linger a little while longer, and continue blithely on our way. We tramp and trudge, up and down and around, mile, mile, mile. We sing gayly as we go along--it would sound awful to an outsider for we are so high and breathing is so hard that we breathe more than we sing. But we enjoy it.

We turn off and begin to climb. The sawtooth range is very much in evidence, but Banner, Ritter, et al have not been in view for the last couple of miles or so.

We reach the crest of this climb, and suddenly I am confronted by the most impressive sight that I have ever beheld. Rising above a little lakelet is Banner Mountain in all its glory. Again I find it impossible to describe it. Even photographs of it cannot begin to do it any sort of justice. Just a beautiful rugged black peak with a big snowpatch of glacier on its face. It reminds me of the imaginative mountains on Japanese prints. I gasp at the sight. At my side is Dr. Vernon Bailey taking a picture of it. He knows all the natural parks and beauty spots of the continent better than anyone else, with few exceptions, but he is visibly profoundly impressed. He turns to me and tells me that he never takes pictures of scenery, but he has to break the rule now. Of course I follow his example, but I realize that there is more coming, and I must be economical.

Although Eleanor Smith has been here two years ago, she too is deeply affected. We go down the little divide and the impossible happens--the view is even more beautiful. We are on the shore of Thousand Island Lake from the opposite shore of which Banner Mountain rises almost abruptly. The island-studded lake is a thing of unforgettable beauty, but to crown it with this magnificent mountain is to make it almost unbearable. Before I know it I have taken six views of this scene from various angles in the hope that one of these, at least, shall come out. It is worth everything just to have been able to see this sight.

Eleanor has very kindly helped me with my pictures, for I have had to shoot directly into the sun and she has shielded my lens. Now she has to be incamp early in order to be in commissary on time. So with one eye on the glorious view, and one eye on the trail we start to climb the ridge that separates Thousand Island Lake from Garnet Lake. But two eyes are insufficient, for new wonders are now uncovered. The ridge is made up of the most wonderfully colored rocks that I have ever seen. It looks like a vast conglomeration of precious stones-red, yellow, purple, gold, jade, and jade with lemon-yellow streaks and veins. I wonder to myself why it is that here, as in the Yosemite Valley, much beauty of different kinds is concentrated into one spot. I would like so much to take some back with me to show the folks back home, but my weight limit for the dunnage makes that impossible.

We are near home, and Fern and Eleanor are very tired so I get between them, pushing one and pulling the other over the ridge. Soon we are in view of Garnet Lake, our destination. It is not as unreal as Thousand Island Lake, but still one of the largest we have encountered. It is dominated by Banner Mountain and Mt. Ritter. Banner looks wider than it did from the other lake, but it is just as imposing. I thrill as I think that we will be here for four nights and three days. It is our loveliest camp site by far, with Banner and Ritter looming majestically and protectively overhead.

I notice an example of nobility of character. Mr. Older, knowing that the Chases will come in late and exhausted from climbing Mt. Lyell, is sparing himself no pains in picking for them a good camp site. In this rocky locality this means finding a promising location with less rocks than the other places, digging out the boulders with crowbars, lining the bed with pine needles, and outlining the bed with rocks. Mr. Older is doing this for both Ralph Arthur Chase and Leland Chase. I wonder to myself whether Peggy Chase will get as friendly a welcome from her friends.

Spurred by this noble example, I do the same for Ernest Dawson who has lingered behind at Thousand Island Lake. I spend over two hours at this, half the time being spent clipping bunches of needles from the young lodgepole pines. The result is something to be proud of--a clearly outlined sloping bed under a scrubby pine, with a mattress of pine needles six inches thick.

At dinner, I make plans with Ernest Dawson to try to climb Mt. Ritter, 13,156 feet high, and the very highest peak in the vicinity. After agreeing to go, I ask some questions about it, and the information I receive is most disconcerting. Some speak of it as "Black Ritter". Everyone I ask tell me that the climb up Ritter is very perilous. May Dornin tells me of inches-wide ledges and ridges with sheer, awful drops on each side. By the time the campfire starts, I am scared stiff, but determined to go up if anyone else does. I have always been afflicted with lack of courage and daring, and now that I feel that I am losing my nerve, I realize that if I once let it get the best

of me, I will have to reconcile myself to being its slave always. I accept it as a personal challenge, but still hope to myself that the climb will be called off. When I ask Mr. Dawson about the possibility of such a thing happening, he misunderstands me and smilingly assures me that it will not be called off unless Glen, who is leading a party up the peak tomorrow assures him that it is too hazardous to attempt.

The campfire is informal, but very interesting. There is no special feature. When I am asked to sing a number, I contribute the "Sicilliana" from *Cavalleria Rusticana* which has been requested by Rita Padway, one of those very few people who has ever flattered my singing and meant it. I am sitting with Eleanor who whispers something to me, that while I do not hear all of it sounds very interesting. She seems to regret having said it, for when I ask her what she said, she refuses to tell me in spite of much urging by me, and in fact, seems to be very embarrassed by the whole thing. So I let the matter drop, although I am burning with curiosity.

It is such a beautiful night, and this is such a beautiful setting! To go to sleep now would be sacrilegious. A group of us remain at the shore of the lake, and sing and sing. It is all so wonderful. I have temporarily forgotten the menace of old Ritter, and am just eagerly soaking this all in. This has been the happiest day of my life. While we sing, facing the lake, a cloud that has been hanging low gradually becomes illumined with an eerie, mother-of-pearl glow. A silver trail leads from this shining mist across the lake to us, and it is getting brighter, brighter, brighter. In a final burst of splendor, the moon breaks through the cloud, and I feel that I am going to burst with happiness, just as the moon has just burst into view.

We linger along, unwilling to leave, as one after another retires. Before long, Eleanor leaves and only Virginia Ferguson, Lewis Clark and I remain. We continue to chat for a long time, and when they finally leave, I decide to go to bed too. It is 11:30, and very late for the mountains. I go to sleep in my springy pine bed under a low-branching lodgepole pine with big Banner looking down and keeping watch over me. The black and white of its side glows splendidly in the moonlight. The scene is perfect. What a wonderful day this has been!

August 2

I am up at seven, and after breakfast, wash my things. My one thought is of Ritter and of the dreaded prospect of climbing it tomorrow. I find Eleanor and that cheers me up considerably. While we are talking to each other, it begins to rain quite hard, and together we seek the shelter of an overhanging boulder. We have a long chat here. Eleanor speaks so confidentially and so frankly to me that it seems as if she regards me as a big brother. I am drawn to her more than ever. I think it is because she is so very different from anyone else that I have known.

The rain stops eventually, and again Eleanor has to report to commissary. Lunch follows shortly afterward. There is

a shortage of wood at Garnet Lake, and so a few of us go up the hill to cut down some dead trees and provide firewood for tonight's campfire. It is going to be Circus Night and much firewood will be needed to make footlights and spotlights. It seems to be a day of leisure for practically everybody. Someone has conceived the idea of a barber shop and beauty parlor in this wilderness, so after all combs, scissors, and even a hair-clipper have been donated, a Salon de Beauté is opened in the early afternoon. It is exceedingly well patronized.

While loafing about, I watch the boys from commissary organizing an impromptu game of football, with a tennis ball playing the title role. Although the apparatus and equipment are somewhat out of the ordinary, the material is quite notable. Francis Tappaan, captain of the team that we dub the Taappan Tigers is a former All-American end from the University of Southern California. Opposing his team are the Wyckoff Wildcats, headed by Steve Wyckoff, head of commissary and also first string end at Pomona College. With him is big Elmer Collett, formerly of the Stanford team, who, because of his size and the fact that he habitually wears only shorts and shoes is given by us the name of "Big Nude". The play is fast, furious, and hilarious, with some vicious tackling. There is umpiring, a cheering section, a water boy, and all the trimmings except bleacher stunts. It is one of the funniest sights of the trip.

I wander about with nothing to do. My feeling of loneliness is emphasized when the mail comes in with no word from Squire Coop, although there is a jolly letter from Newton Bell, sent from Los Angeles. After dinner there is an elaborate show featuring Helmut Leschke's Circus. There are clowns, bearded ladies (Ansel Adams of course), wild beasts, tight rope walkers, callippes, and all that goes to make up a good circus. This is also great fun.

I do not linger long, but go to bed early, in order to be at my best for the climb of Ritter tomorrow. Shortly before dinner, Glen and Jules came down from Banner with their party with reports that the climb up Ritter was dangerous but feasible. They told of dangerous glaciers and crevasses, and Glen told his father of a route by which he thought Ritter might possibly be climbed. Emily Lillie who went up with this bunch told me of slipping on a glacial slope, and ~~winding~~ sliding down the ice, just being saved in time by one of the boys. I think of all these things and am too excited and upset over the outlook for the morrow to get to sleep before an hour or two have passed. The moon is beautiful.

August 3

I am up at five, with a strange and surprising feeling. For some reason, now that it is actually time to start, all my fears of the last two days have disappeared. I am eager to start.

As planned, I am in Ernest Dawson's party. There is

another party headed by Lewis Clark which is going to climb Ritter by another route very close to ours. His brother, Nathan, is leading a party up Banner Peak.

I am surprised at my very high spirits. I am again with Eleanor Smith, and because she seems to be short winded, we are behind the others practically all of the way. But she is such refreshing company and so exquisitely charming--she certainly came at an opportune time. Had I not made her acquaintance when I did, this glorious trip might have ended miserably indeed.

We first skirt around the upper end of Garnet Lake and then climb over the ridge on the other side. This is steep and rocky, but not at all dangerous. From here we dip into a sort of declivity, losing a good deal of the altitude we have gained. At a tiny snow-fed streamlet or pond, our three parties which have hitherto been together separate, with Lewis Clark's party going abruptly to the right to attempt what he thinks will be a short cut to the summit. Ernest Dawson is typically cautious and plans to circle up more indirectly, attacking Ritter from the rear. We go up some almost vertical cliff, which is solid and well-jointed, offering some good footholds and handholds, but ~~not~~ having these disadvantages-- smooth rock surface, rendered more slippery and treacherous by little trickles of water indicating that there is probably snow up above. Where the water is most abundant, there are little patches of moss which make very slippery footing. I have taken the precaution of wearing my tennis shoes which are far superior to hobnailed boots or even leather shoes for rock climbing. I am also wearing a sun-visor, and when I smear some white grease-paint over my nose, the others borrow mine and do likewise.

After an interval of some little time, we come to a wonderful sight. We are at the base of a large glacier of ice, which, because of our close proximity, seems tremendous. It is melting at its lower end, giving rise to the little pools and rills that we saw below. We are all enchanted by it, and stop for a while while Lewis and I take pictures. The Clark party had found that their short cut was not a short cut after all, and now the two parties had joined forces.

We are off again. Dr. Leschke has brought along a regular Alpine outfit--alpenstock, ice-ax, hobnailed boots, rope, etc., and he is determined to use it, so he goes right up the face of the glacier while we skirt along the morainal material at its side. He seems so tiny as we look down on him slowly and determinedly plodding his way up, a tiny black speck on this great, dazzling, ice sheet. Strangely enough, as we climb up along this glacier, it seems to get larger and larger. It lies in a trough between the southeast side of Ritter and a most impressive array of sharp, jagged pinnacles. This is real mountain scenery, such as I have never seen, and never expected to see this side of the Alps.

Our route in the lateral moraine is a very treacherous one. Our footing consists of gravel and loose rock resting

on a foundation of wet bedrock. At every step a small avalanche is started, and sometimes I find myself after a step forward a little farther back than where I started. It is like walking on a treadmill except for the hurtling rocks. There are constant rockslides and avalanches, with the ever-present yell of "Look out below". This bit of going is only for a short distance, but it takes a very long time. There is no accident, however, except where a bounding rock almost finishes Virginia Ferguson, and gives her a bit of a shock.

We are now on more solid footing--big greenish-black crags which will stay in place with a reasonable amount of care. Only occasionally now do we hear the fearsome roar of a pile of rocks coming down. As we ascend, the view grows grander and grander. The most picturesque thing of all is the big glacier, now below us, and the jagged, turreted, crest against whose side it lies. The rocks all about us are a dark greenish black, and in contrast with the glistening ice, there is quite a picture. The peaks are by far the most ragged I have ever seen. Over beyond the glacier we can see the serrated Minarets. Over to the right is another sharp ridge that looks strangely like a camel. In the distance we can see Shadow Lake, Lake Ediza, and any number of others. As we climb, we are eventually higher than anything else in view except the summit of Mt. Ritter, which very slowly is coming nearer. Eleanor Smith and I are by now far behind the others, as she has had to rest very frequently. Everyone has passed us except Dr. Leschke and a few who found the going harder than they had anticipated, and had turned back.

By now I can see that the reaching of the summit is now only a matter of time, of slow reaching up from one crag and foothold to another. I can see none of the perils that have been frightening me for the last two days. We crawl up, about fifty feet at a stretch. Dr. Leschke joins us, and offers me an orange just before we actually reach the top. Out of pure perversity I insist on peeling my orange while I am making the last climb. An insulting gesture indeed, directed toward "Black Ritter".

The summit at last! It is just before noon, and the others are having their lunch. I am 13,156 feet above sea level, and nearer to heaven than I have ever been in my life. I am very gay and exhilarated at having won this victory, although the altitude may have had something to do with it. Ernest Dawson has apparently stumbled upon a new easy route. When I question him about it, he says that it is only because of unprecedented snow and ice conditions in this unusually dry year that we have been able to come up by this route.

I sign my name in the register and look about me. It is almost too wild to be beautiful. In some ways it is more impressive than the view from Mt. Dana, but on the whole it is not quite so pleasing. Here is sharp, harsh, bare reality; there was dreamy fantasy and color. There are fifty four lakes in sight, of

which Garnet Lake is the most striking. From this point I notice for the first time that it has some islands in it, though not as many as Thousand Island Lake which is not visible from here. I can also see dreamy, hazy Mono Lake, green Lake Ediza, Blue Iceberg Lake. There are several glaciers and glacial lakes. One of these lakes has a number of icebergs floating about in its waters. Right close to us is the back side of Banner Peak, which at this close proximity loses much of the illusive beauty that it has from below and at a greater distance. I can see that like Ritter it is constructed of that green-black rock in the form of crags and rocks.

We linger on the summit for about an hour, taking pictures, eating lunch, and watching the progress of the Nathan Clark party which we can see climbing Banner. They are such infinitesimally tiny specks that if I once take my eyes from them, it is hard to find them again. How slowly they seem to be moving. At this rate it seems that they will never get to the top. They have apparently come to the saddle between Banner and Ritter, and are crawling up from there.

Time to go down. We hold a council of war and decide to descend by a different route, first to vary the scenery, and second because the ascent has been surprisingly uneventful and devoid of thrills. We eventually decide to go down by way of an almost vertical chimney which seems to lead down to the Ritter-Banner saddle. Some prefer to go back the other way, so we divide forces and start.

We can see that there is a rainstorm in the distance, and it seems to be coming toward Garnet Lake. It divides the countryside into adjacent patches of light and shadow which is very picturesque. One moment Mono Lake is in a golden haze, and the next it is almost invisible in a gray, misty pall.

We start down the chimney. It is just a narrow, ragged cleft in the mountainside, with patches of ice here and there in the more shady spots. It looks across to Banner Mountain. The footing is very uncertain, and the rocks are very loose. Here this constitutes an actual menace, as the flying boulders have only one way to go. I have already developed the knack of not starting any rockslides, but some of the others have not, so for safety's sake, I lag behind until I am on top of all the others. It is quite an ordeal, as rocks continue to fly down the narrow chasm. One of the smaller ones hits Dr. Flossfader, bruising him and giving him a bad grouch and case of nerves. The chimney becomes more vertical, the footholds less frequent, and the flying rocks more abundant. I am beginning to get scared.

The chimney becomes even more vertical, and culminates in an overhanging precipice which is apparently impossible of descent. What to do? We can, of course go back to the summit again and go back the way we came. But no one wants to do this, especially inasmuch as the storm is now very close, and it is very cold. I am chattering and trembling as the cold penetrates my bones. I produce a rope which I have brought with me in my

knapsack in the fantastic expectation of using it in climbing. But Mr. Dawson welcomes it, and sets to work. He first lowers one of the girls with it to a ledge below this overhang, a matter of about fifty or so feet. Then he collects all the knapsacks, cameras, etc., and lowers them down to her. I take off my leather jacket, which I think will be a cumbrance, and put it in my knapsack, to be taken safely below. But I soon regret it, for it is now bitterly cold. The sun is gone; there is a very strong cold wind. There are flashes of lightning and deep peals of thunder. As Lewis Clark's party comes down on us from above, the rockslides start again and their thundering roar keeps pace with the roar of the real thunder. I feel a few flakes of snow on my hands and cheek, and wonder to myself how this is going to end.

Dr. Leschke is in Lewis Clark's party, and when he comes up we draft his rope and decide to go down in two installments. Ernest Dawson and I climb over a sort of little ridge which divides the chimney at this point to relieve congestion in this part of the chimney. While I am standing on a very perilously narrow and slanting ledge with Ernest above me, Lewis Clark has the temerity to pull out his camera and ask me to "hold it". I could strangle him for it! I have never been in such a dangerous spot before, and certainly never hope to be again. With chattering teeth I vow to myself that if I ever get out of this alive, I will never climb another mountain as long as I live.

The group is now split in two, each roping its way down to the ledge below us. The girls in our party are lowered first, then the more fearful of the men who cannot stand the suspense. And this suspense is pretty bad, too. I have never before dangled out in midair at the end of a rope, and the anticipation of doing so is not a cheering feeling. To make it worse I am the third from the last to go down. Lewis Clark ties a bowline knot; I fasten the rope about my waist and under my arms, and crawl over the edge into space.

The actuality turns out to be much less dreadful than the anticipation thereof. I am actually in gay spirits now that I am going down. To show my nonchalance and lack of fear which I now really felt, I salvaged on my way down a can of jam, a luncheon wrapped up in a bandanna, a flashlight, and two slices of chewing gum. I hastily stuff these into my pockets, but the can of jam falls out. With fascination I watch it drop down, down, down, out of sight and sound. As I think that I, too, might follow it, I shudder, but it is only the cold wind which is beginning to show signs of abating.

I leave the rope with a feeling of relief, and yet there is with it too a strange feeling of regret. I feel so proud that Ernest Dawson, expert mountaineers that they are, seem to consider me one of them and entrust to me some responsible tasks. They do not consider me one of the novices that they do the others.

But the danger is far from over. Although the going is no longer perpendicular, the peril is now of a different sort.

The ground underneath is a mixture of talus and ice. It is a matter of taking a step, sliding until something stable can be grabbed, and then repeating the process. Although it is treacherous, it is as nothing compared to the danger of falling rocks coming down from above. I sing out loud to myself, but this effort is not very successful. The trouble is that in this narrow chimney the rocks have only one way to fall, and there is not very much time to duck.

The sound of falling rocks is not unlike the sound of the thunder which can still be heard occasionally. I have a very close call at this time. I hear a rather large avalanche started above me, and a number of warning shouts from above to look out below. By the greatest of good fortune, I am just opposite a sort of niche into which I hurriedly duck, face downward. I feel a number of rocks come bouncing down on me and bounce off my crowded knapsack which acts as a perfect shock absorber. I can tell that some of these boulders are over a foot in diameter, and if any of them strike my head or body, it will be just too bad. Thank God for my knapsack. Without it my back might have been broken. After the big rocks come the smaller ones, and after some awfully long seconds, the noise subsides. I cautiously heave myself up from my very awkward position to throw off the debris, and start another avalanche below me.

The weather is still rotten. I can see that it is raining over Garnet Lake. But strangely enough, I can also see that the Owens valley is all lit up with golden sunshine. Here and there I can see places where fresh snow has fallen during the last hour.

The worst is now over, and the saddle between Banner and Ritter is just beyond. So we stop and have some strawberry sherbet at the first patch of clean snow, with apricot sherbet for dessert. I put some raisins in mine, making a delicacy that is the envy of all the others. At the saddle we join the Nathan Clark Banner party, and while resting and trading experiences, Nathan takes a picture of the whole group. We must be a sight, what with the patches of white grease-paint on our faces, and the look of exhaustion that does not enhance our beauty.

As we go down, we divide forces once more. The group in which I find myself comes before long to a large, gradually slowing glacier, which apparently leads down to one of those opaque green glacial lakes. The surface of this glacier seems to be melting in the heat of the sun which is now out again, and it is covered with icy rivulets, boulders, pot-holes, and fierce looking crevasses--the first real ones that I have ever seen. Eleanor and I have some wonderful sport skating and sliding down on the ice, hand in hand at full speed: falling frequently, but getting up and doing it all over again. It is hilarious fun and serves to put me in the best of spirits. I don't know when I have had so much freedom of spirit and absence of restraint. Being drunk must be something like this. It must be the reaction from the nervous tension through which I have passed such a very short time ago.

As we descend, the crevasses become larger and more frequent. They are wicked looking things. We cross the glacier to inspect the largest one of the lot at close range. It is a glistening green, and like some others that we pass, it has way, way down, a turbulent, churning, torrent at the bottom. It sends a chill down my spine as I stare down into the icy water roaring along and think how long I would last if I were to fall in. There is almost a real tragedy when Mr. Older leans over too far and starts to slide down into one of them. He turns whiter than the snow and yells for help as I seize his hand and hold on for dear life. This gives him a chance to brace himself and I pull him up. It looks to me like I have come pretty close to actually saving him from a horrible death.